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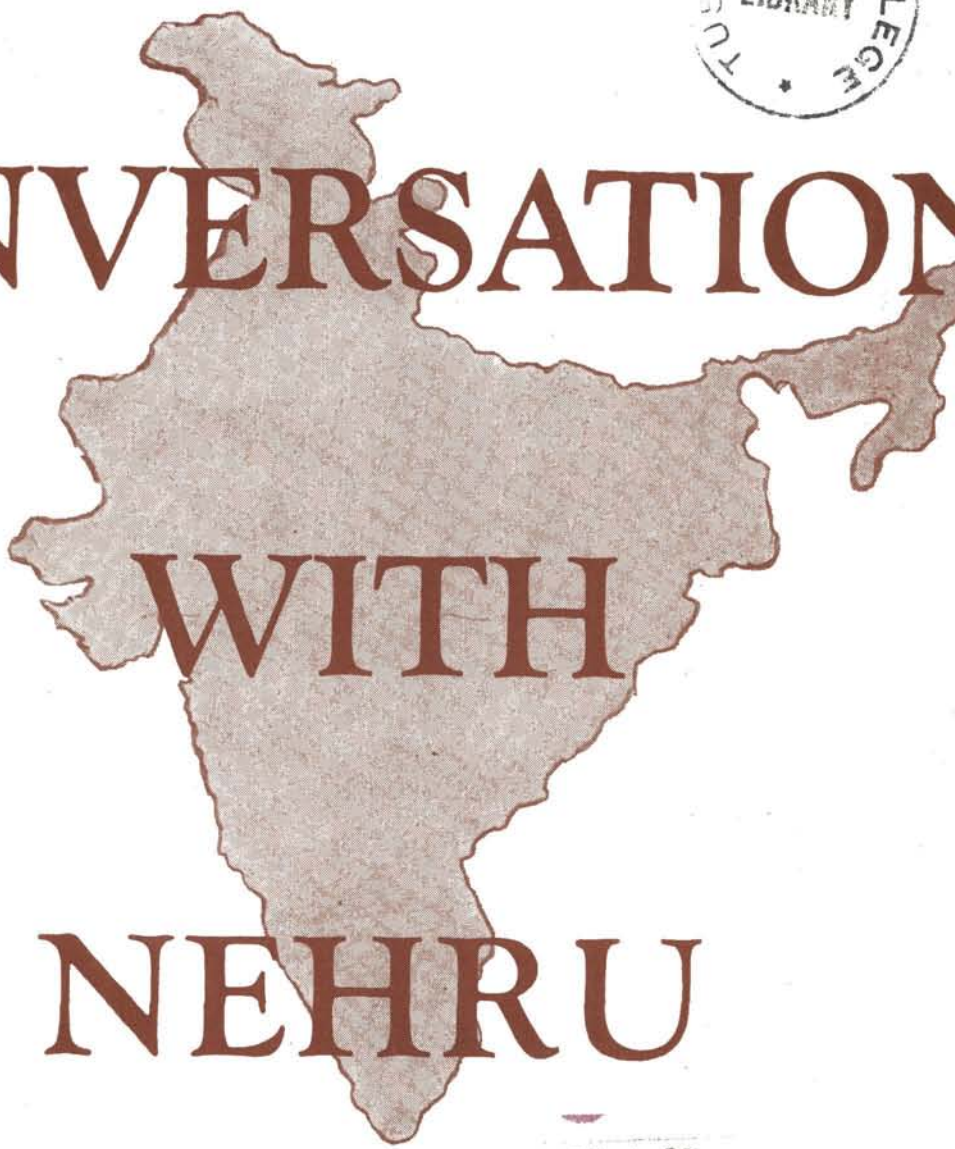

CONVERSATIONS WITH NEHRU

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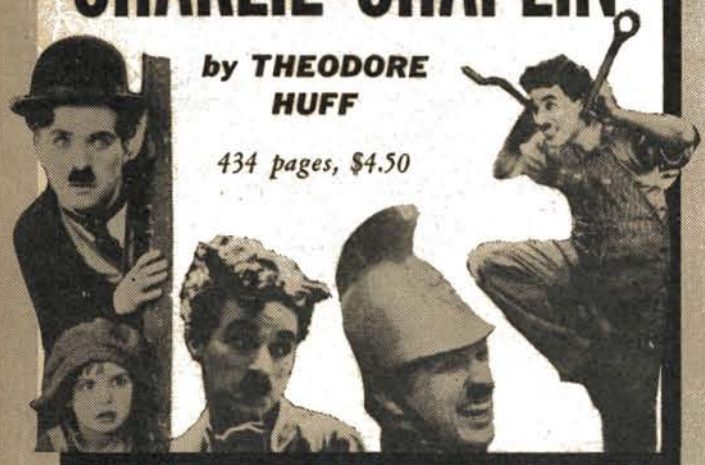

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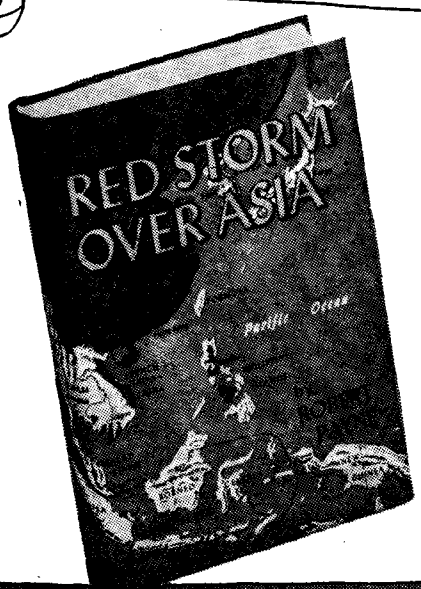

Red Storm over Asia

By ROBERT PAYNE

Will 1 out of 2 Americans be plowed under? Yes! says this author, if we don't read the storm warnings in Asia. His book pin-points the meaning of the Asiatic revolution and—in a fact-packed plea for an American *social policy*—tells what to do about it. By the author of *Mao Tse-tung*. "Americans who are thinking about tomorrow ought to read this book today."—W. G. ROGERS, *Associated Press Features*

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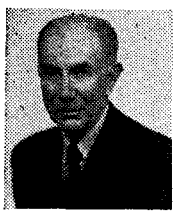
from the editorial rooms of the BEACON PRESS *Boston*

French scientist in new book calls for 'counter-counter-revolution'

MAN: MIND OR MATTER? By Charles Mayer
Translated with a Preface by Harold A. Larrabee

Boston: Beacon Press. At all bookstores, $2.50

André Maurois has this to say of Charles Mayer, the author of the newly-published book, *Man: Mind or Matter?*: "By the extent and variety of his learning, he recalls those universal minds, consumed with curiosity concerning science, literature, and action which were found in Europe at the time of the Renaissance."



In his Preface to *Man: Mind or Matter?*, Harold A. Larrabee says: "It has remained for a scientist to do what most present-day philosophers are reluctant to attempt—namely, to make sense of moral and aesthetic values in terms of the bare and sometimes brutal findings of the sciences. In his plea for a progressionist materialism, Dr. Mayer is calling for a revival of a new and better Age of Reason, a counter-counter-revolution, if you choose, against that contemporary but fading Age of Unreason which has itself been a counter-revolution against the era of enlightenment."

Maurois points out, "Our author, the materialist, has no conflict with the Christian, since he urges the very same virtues, although for different reasons."

The Kirkus Bookshop Service reports: "Charles Mayer is an outstanding French scientist and philosopher, and he knows how to write about abstract and intricate problems in an interesting and understandable way."

Wellsprings of terror revealed

AGE OF TERROR • By Leslie Paul

Boston: Beacon Press. At all bookstores, $3

Total war, total propaganda and political terror are really the "discoveries" in politics that we have made in this century. Something quite baffling must have happened to the Europe which was nurtured by Christianity, and gave birth to humanism, and hoped for "progress" in justice and peace, to conjure from it this century of evil without parallel in the whole history of the human race.

Leslie Paul, with this bitter problem before him, makes a wide and characteristic sweep through European history and speculation. The author of *The Annihilation of Man* here examines Europe discussing the nature and origin of the one political form invented by Europe—the nation-state, which fathered upon us the totalitarian state. A discussion of the present economic dilemma of the West bringing him to the conclusion that Europe is bedeviled by irreconcilable political creeds.

War scars of children studied

CHILDREN OF EUROPE • By Dorothy Macardle

With illustrations by Kalman Landau, one of the children.

Boston: Beacon Press. At all bookstores $3.75

This is the grim story of children—not expendable adults, but children scourged by the war; of millions who survive and whose sufferings are not over.

Says Vera Brittain: "It is a really admirable book. . . . There were occasions when I simply could not put the book down. I regard it as an absolute 'must' for all social workers and teachers, and indeed for all those who have any interest in children, which really means everyone."

JUST PUBLISHED . . .

MILITARY ATTACHE IN MOSCOW
By Major General Richard Hilton

Boston: Beacon Press. At all bookstores, $2.75

This volume was written by a man who lived in Moscow for a year after the war, speaks Russian, and, through his love for hiking over the countryside, saw more of Russia than foreigners are usually allowed.

The basis of this book is a diary kept in his own personal code during his year as military attaché in Moscow and his year in Potsdam attached to Russian headquarters. After several attempts on his liberty and life, he was finally arrested and accused of espionage. You will be amused to read how he got out of this one.

Insight into Fascism

WHITE MAN BOSS • By "Adamastor"

Boston: Beacon Press. At all bookstores, $3

"Adamastor" is a well-known South African author who has adopted this pseudonym because of the danger involved in writing this documented exposé.

As *The British Weekly* said, "South Africa is one of those areas about which it has been the fashion to urge both caution and restraint in criticism. It is one of the volcanic danger areas of the world, one of the most sinister and menacing areas of the world." Says *Time and Tide*: "This book gives chapter and verse . . . We see how fanatical nationalism works, and the sight is not encouraging. South African and Nazi versions are much alike."

In this area an active Fascist secret society is at work, using the customary brutal methods of all totalitarians. It is said to control three-quarters of the Cabinet, and of course it works for White Supremacy.

If the world must cope again with a rising tide of fanatical nationalism the thoughtful observers will demand full information—and *in time* this book is an offering in that direction.

Companion to the classics...

THE GREEKS AND THEIR GODS
By W. K. C. Guthrie

Boston: Beacon Press. At all bookstores, $3.75

"The primary aim of this book," says the author in the first sentence, "is to serve as a kind of religious companion to the Greek classics. . . ."

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This Week

Spring Book Number

Features Page

CONVERSATIONS WITH NEHRU: PART I...13

CURRENT BOOKS WORTH READING
By the Nation's Critics.....20

THE LITERARY SAMPLER.....22

LIFE—THE CON GAME
By John Lardner.....38

Reviews

A KING'S STORY
Reviewed by John Gunther.....26

I TOOK IT LYING DOWN
Reviewed by William Lindsay Gresham.....27

MARTHA'S HUSBAND
Reviewed by Adrienne Koch.....28

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE
Reviewed by Maurice Hindus.....29

HAREM SCARE'M
I MARRIED AN ARAB
Reviewed by Ray Pierre.....29

CANDLES FOR THERESE
Reviewed by Mildred Jordan.....30

DARKNESS AND DAY
Reviewed by Walter Havighurst....31

THE GREAT IDEA
Reviewed by C. E. Ayres.....31

RED STORM OVER ASIA
Reviewed by Hallett Abend.....40

WARRIOR WITHOUT WEAPONS
Reviewed by Foster Rhea Dulles....41

JOURNEY FOR OUR TIME
Reviewed by George Fischer.....42

THE DIVIDING OF TIME
Reviewed by Evelyn Eaton.....52

JENKINS' EAR
Reviewed by James Gray.....53

VIPER IN THE FIST
Reviewed by Harry Sylvester.....54

THIS DECEPTION
Reviewed by John H. Lichtblau....56

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 8

LITERARY I.Q. 28

EDITORIAL 32

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR..... 33

LITERARY CRYPT.....43

SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown.....44

SRL GOES TO THE MOVIES
By Arthur Knight.....47

TV AND RADIO
By Goodman Ace.....48

MUSIC TO MY EARS
By Irving Kolodin.....49

IN PAPER COVERS
By Raymond Walters, Jr.....50

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....59

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....63

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 890.....67

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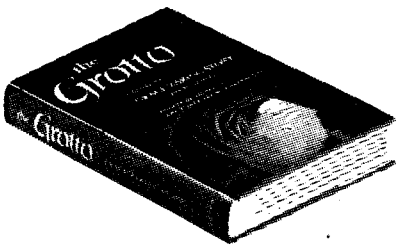

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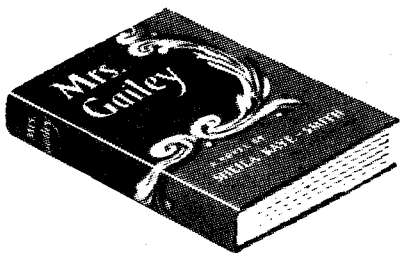

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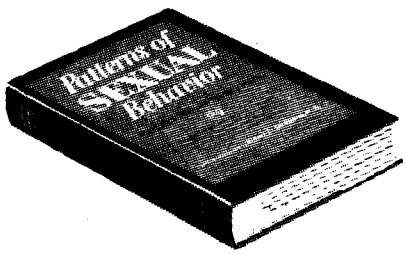

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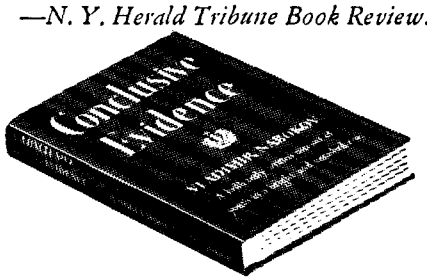

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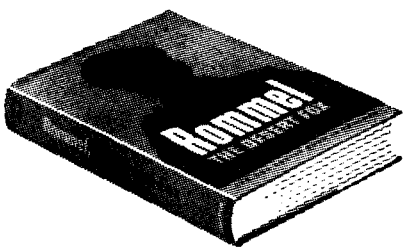

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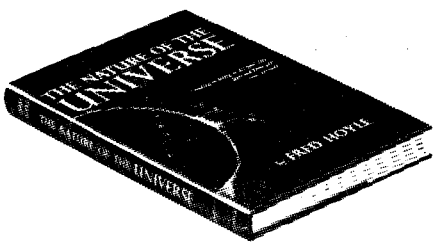

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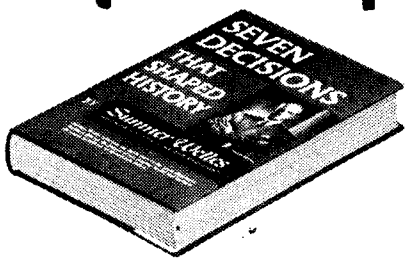

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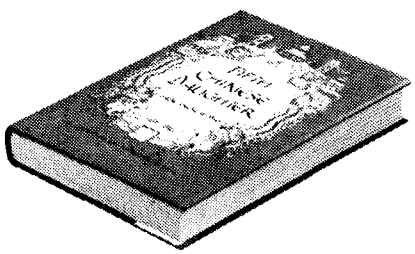

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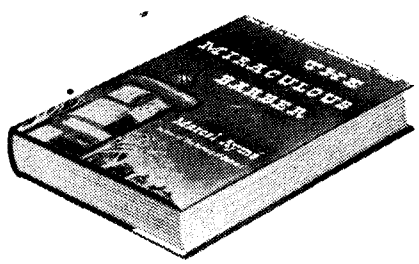

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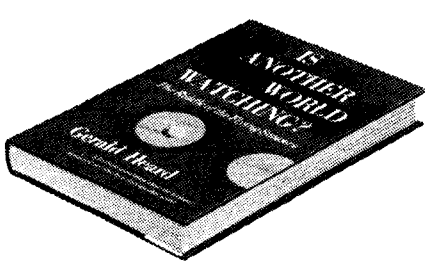

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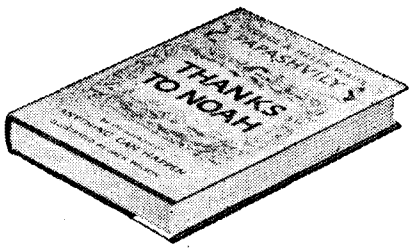

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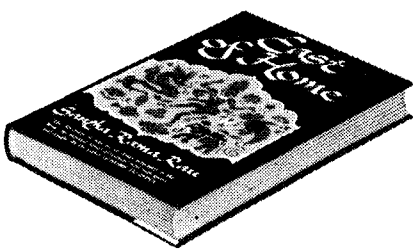

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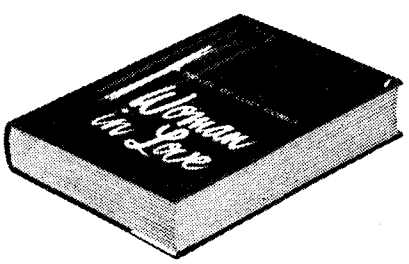

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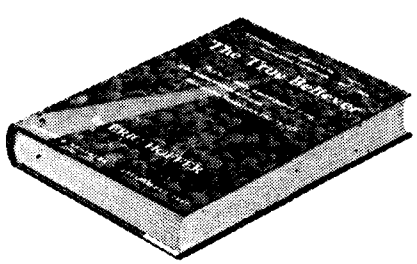

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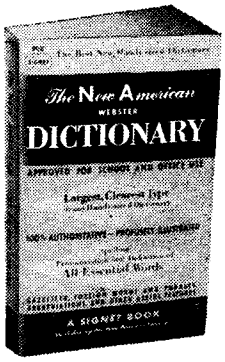
Rhubarb over the ice...



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"THE SUNNY SOUTHERN ROUTE...."

FOR ALL its progressive spirit and phenomenal growth, the city of Houston clings to a law that prohibits the sale of hard liquor in its restaurants and hotels. Since it is perfectly legal to patronize a package store and buy enough whiskey to drown an elephant, citizens are reduced to the subterfuge of joining "clubs" where they can store their bottles and guzzle the contents to their hearts' content in "set-ups" provided at exorbitant prices by the sympathetic managements. From my observation, this elaborate hokus-pokus encourages almost as much lusty, round-the-clock boozing as "total prohibition" (excepting 3.2% beer) in Oklahoma. The Kefauver Committee hearings have demonstrated anew that unpopular laws are unenforceable, often kept on the books by the very criminals they are designed to eliminate, and generally productive of corrupt officials and all-powerful crooks who muscle into every kind of legitimate enterprise. The long-suffering citizens of the Southwest may at last rise up and expunge continuously-violated liquor regulations from the books. Not only the cost but the consumption of bourbon and scotch there would go down overnight!

HOUSTON'S FAVORITE and most fashionable "club" at the moment being the Cork, in a corner of the Shamrock Hotel, it stands to reason that not only the most fabulous oil tycoons but the affluent and leading literary lights are usually in attendance. It was there, not six hours after I had stepped aboard a plane at Newark airport, that I fastened onto a book that may be one of the non-fiction leaders of 1952. Jim Clark was telling Margaret Young, Carl Little, George Fuermann, Freddy Nahas, and me about the Spindletop oil field, opened exactly fifty years ago near Beaumont. When the first great gusher was brought in it gave the country a new vision of what the supply of oil might be and what changes might be wrought thereby. The resultant Texas oil boom affected the history not only of the state but the entire country. Clark's story was full of exciting details and I commented, "You ought to put this in a book." "That's just what Mike Halbouty and I are doing," said Clark. "Who's going to publish it?" I asked. "Make me an offer," said Clark. And that's how what is probably the first book contract made out on the back of a cocktail napkin came into being. It just goes to show that a publisher must get out of his ivory (?) tower in New York every now and so often and seek the wide open spaces if he wants to add really unusual items to his list. A love of making new friends and a taste for good liquor don't hurt either.

THE ANTICS OF SOME of the more boisterous Texas oil millionaires have created something of a legend in neighboring communities. One of the most popular of the Houston crew, George Echols, appeared at a hot-spot in California on a certain evening, and when no waiter appeared immediately to take his order and he bellowed, "Confound it, can't an oil man from Houston get any service in this joint?" he found himself suddenly in the clutches of the bouncer, who tossed him unceremoniously out the back door. His dignity ruffled, Echols made it his business to find out what had led up to this outrage. He discovered that two of his cronies had been to the spot two nights before and just about wrecked it before the police took them in hand. The very word "Houston" was enough to make the proprietor's blood boil. Echols immediately wired his two friends, "I don't mind where you fellows *go* or what you *do*; just tell me where you've *been*!" . . . Reputedly the richest of the Texas oil barons (with an estimated income of over

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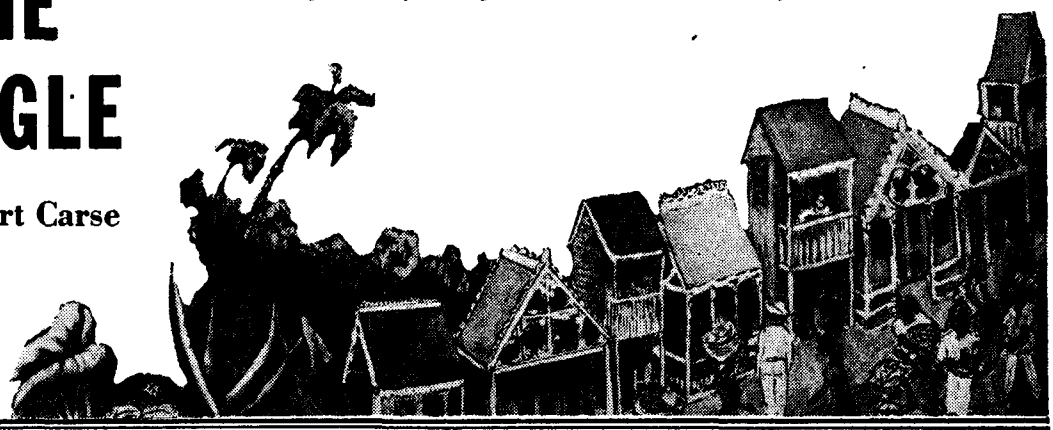
FROM THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE

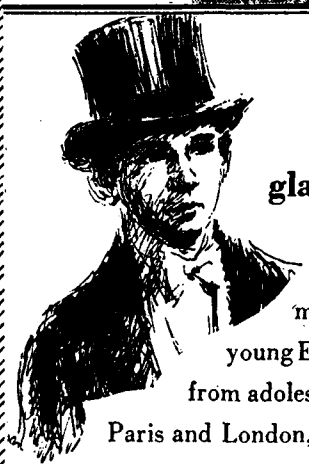
by Robert Carse

An exciting adventure story of strange loyalties brought into conflict by the dangers of war . . .

Johnny Michaels was an ex-gangster who moved out fast when things got too hot. On the Caribbean island of Macuta he lived happily with his European mistress—unaware that World War II was any business of his. But as the B-17s made ominous background music to life in Macuta, he discovered how hard it was to stay healthy when his best friends were enemies of his country. The torpedoing of an American ship involved him in intrigues and hidden activities and finally took him on a deadly manhunt.

From the Sea and the Jungle is a first rate action story packed with suspense, set against the splendidly drawn background of a tropical country whose political climate was peculiarly susceptible to storm. *$3.00*





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• CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS •

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"Distinguished fiction is so rare that it ought always to be greeted with excitement. Consider this review, then, as an excited attempt to persuade you—*and you*—to read Gordon Webber's

YEARS OF EDEN

Because YEARS OF EDEN is a work of distinguished fiction which will abundantly repay your reading."—*Chicago Tribune*

"A profoundly beautiful book, provocative and memorable in every part.

Gordon Webber's

insight into the life of the boy, into the values of the whole way of life presented through the boy, never flags, and his presentation is wonderfully simple and convincing."—*Walter Van Tilburg Clark*

"It must be the secret hope of every reviewer that somewhere there will be at least one book so clearly and so unquestionably perfect that his only task is a search for adjectives to describe it. Such a book is

YEARS OF EDEN

It is as poignant, moving and beautiful as anything that has been produced in years."
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"YEARS OF EDEN is an intense and unmistakably American novel . . . beautiful and sad and powerfully evocative . . . one of the most impressive novels this reviewer has ever read."
—*Worcester Telegram*

YEARS OF EDEN

"is a beautiful little book written with humility and an exquisite sweetness of spirit."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

"It's a simple story, but its very simplicity acts as a kind of transparent element through which one sees with greater clarity than usual to the heart of the matter. The words, for the book as a whole, are 'limpid honesty'."—*Jessamyn West*

Gordon Webber's
YEARS OF EDEN

$3.00

At all bookstores

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON

ten thousand dollars a week!) is a man named Hunt. He's also the most elusive. Every magazine editor in the country has tried in vain to pin him down for a profile. One of the most persistent had occasion to speak in Houston this winter and told his host, "The greatest favor you could do for me would be to introduce me to this fellow Hunt." When his speech was over the editor had a difficult time shaking free of a nondescript chap who was inclined to dispute some of the statements he had made on the platform. "What a time I had shaking that man," he complained to his host on the way home. "He actually wanted to come to your house to continue the discussion. You wouldn't by any chance know who he was?" "I tried my best to signal to you," said the host. "That was Hunt."

THE MAN WHO PICKS OUT the stewardesses for the Trans-Texas Airline must be the same fellow who selects Miss America and the coryphees at the Copacabana. Furthermore, he dresses them in rakish and beguiling cowgirl costumes. The youthful vision who watched over me on the hop from Houston to Edinburg confided, "These heah dresses cause me plenty of trouble. Every time ah lean over, some fresh guy pinches mah fanny." "Lady," declared the gentleman in the seat ahead of me, "you've been reading my mind." . . . Edinburg is so close to the Mexican border that I persuaded the Hodges, king-pins of the regional college at which I spoke, to drive me across the international bridge at Hidalgo for some authentic chile con carne for lunch. The whole Rio Grande valley and its extensive cotton fields, citrus plantations, and vegetable farms were parched for lack of rain and baked by a semi-tropical sun, but that very night while I journeyed up to Lufkin the worst Norther that has hit Texas in twenty years came roaring down from the open plains.

SOUTH TEXAS is not prepared to cope with really cold weather. Three hours after the freeze struck every airfield was out of operation, and after a succession of accidents on the highways state police stopped interurban traffic completely. I was visiting the tremendous Southland Paper Mill in Lufkin when the cold blast hit us. "Only one way you'll ever get out of this town tonight," predicted vice president Dick Wortham, "and that's to hop aboard the milk train for Houston at 3:27 A.M." He was absolutely correct—and to give you a rough idea of Texan hospitality, Dr. Gail Medford, whom I had met for the first time an hour previous, not only turned over

"The best novel about a doctor

I remember reading for a long, long time," wrote E. A. Laycock, literary editor of the *Boston Globe*, the day after he received an advance copy of EACH MAN'S SON by Hugh MacLennan, author of *The Precipice* and *Two Solitudes*

Since we must go to press with this announcement a week before publication (April 9), we can't quote the reviews. But we are confident that EACH MAN'S SON will be instantly recognized as one of the most impressive novels of the season, a work of great power and tenderness that "touches the true and basic dilemmas of living."

Each Man's Son

HUGH MacLENNAN

$3.00

Even if you're not a psychoanalyst

you'll enjoy — or you'll be provoked by — Abraham Polonsky's THE WORLD ABOVE. It all depends on how you feel about the novel's brilliant and attractive Dr. Carl Myers. And whether you're more interested in studying men than in curing them. Carl Myers found that a purely objective interest in scientific problems was not enough, that life was bigger than the laboratory, and that the old dictum, "Physician, heal thyself" also applied to the modern psychiatrist.

Harry Overstreet, Nelson Algren, Dr. Clara Thompson, Nancy Hale, Dr. Patrick Mullahy and many others have already written us in praise of THE WORLD ABOVE. Discover this excellent novel for yourself today!

The World Above

ABRAHAM POLONSKY

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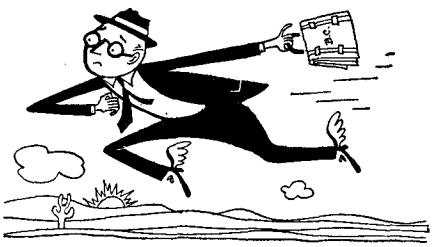
his bed to me for a two-hour nap but insisted on taking me down to the cold and deserted station at 2:30 in the morning.

A few words more about that Southland Paper Mill. The founders had always been convinced that newsprint could be manufactured from Southern scrub pine (no thicker on the average than a prize fighter's arm), but local capitalists were so skeptical that capital had to be raised in New York. Under the dynamic leadership of Ed Kurth, however, the mill put into operation just ten years ago is today the main source of supply for almost all newspapers in the Southeast, with 1949 sales of $15,000,000 and net profits of over $3,500,000. Its daily output now exceeds three hundred and seventy tons of newsprint and seventy tons of container board. . . . Mr. McHale, the mill manager, tore off a piece of paper as it came from the machine and gave it to me as a souvenir. I mean to keep it, too. It's the only thing I ever got from a paper manufacturer for nothing.

AT HOUSTON I made connections with the new *Sunset Limited* (a beautiful train) and went straight to bed. By this time the trees were sheathed in white and the telegraph wires were festooned with icicles. Texans shivered, gaped with wonder—and tried to estimate the damage in millions. . . . My train was due in Los Angeles at



4:30 P.M. on Wednesday—and I was scheduled for three talks at Long Beach the same day. The first was booked for noon sharp at the Rotary Club. I figured the date was off but failed to take into account the tenacity and ingenuity of the Long Beach theatrical magnate Ely Somerville. He had me hoisted off the *Sunset* at Phoenix, hustled across town in a police car, dumped aboard a plane that had been held for me as a courtesy to the Rotarians (the other passengers were charmed!), and deposited at the Long Beach Athletic Club at the stroke of twelve, feeling like a cross between Frank Merriwell and a contingent of U. S. Marines. "Have far to come?" asked Joel Keith in the lobby. "No," I answered. "I just happened to be in the neighborhood!" —Bennett Cerf.

RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS

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THE MORNING WATCH is the second book by James Agee, one of America's most distinguished and least known writers. In 1941 his first book, LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN, a documentary of the lives of three tenant farmers of Alabama, raised a storm of protest and praise. It was a burning challenge to American complacency, inescapable and profoundly moving. Critics picked up the challenge:

"Agee has a delicacy and power that make the total effect of the book overwhelming. Even his more myopic descriptions are a poet's." *Time*

"It will be spat upon — and years hence (unless the country is given over to the fascists or the faith-healers of 'far away' democracy) read." *Selden Rodman Saturday Review of Literature*

"Demands directly of the reader his pain, his awareness and his repentance. It scourges, with a precise fury not often equalled elsewhere, certain peculiarly American vices of self-complacence and blatancy . . . A thoughtful reader may better feel that if a full charge of meaning is to be restored to such clichés as 'the dignity of man,' 'the brotherhood of man,' and 'the worship of God,' it is work like this that will do it." *Furioso*

"Agee has a sensibility so precise, so unremitting, that it is sometimes appalling . . . the book is full of marvelous writing which gives a kind of hot pleasure that words can do so much . . . the most realistic and the most important moral effort of our American generation." *Lionel Trilling Kenyon Review*

Some years later Agee wrote the script of that incomparably tender and touching movie, "The Quiet One," and through this medium his words reached millions of listeners.

Now, in his first novel, THE MORNING WATCH, Agee writes of a young boy in an Anglican church school in Tennessee, shaken by the forces of religious and secular life, driven to a search of his own motives so urgent and so blindingly clear that he steps momentarily into maturity.

THE MORNING WATCH, for its poetry, its sensitivity and its revelation of a mind in the very moment of development is one of the most important novels of the year.

JAMES AGEE

The Morning Watch

at all bookstores $2.25

Houghton Mifflin Company Publishers

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Conversations with Nehru

Introduction

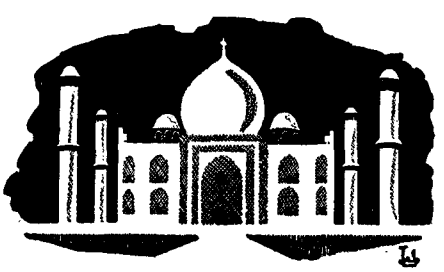
IN THIS and the following issue *The Saturday Review* publishes the unrevised transcript of two recorded conversations with Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru. These conversations took place several weeks ago in the living room of the Prime Minister's house in New Delhi.

Before presenting the transcript, a statement concerning the general background of the conversations may be in order.

I had been asked by our Government to go to India and Pakistan to speak about the American people, about our history, and about our purposes in the world today. There were no strings on what I was to say; I was asked to speak as openly as I would in the United States. I spoke seventy-eight times before university groups, business organizations, public forums, press associations, etc., in fourteen cities and towns, had some two hundred meetings with individuals or private groups, and was on the receiving end of several thousand questions about life in the United States, about the complexion of our population and the problems of minority groups, about Korea and our policy in the Far East, and in general about America's relationship to the rest of the world.

Toward the end of my tour I had several opportunities to discuss my experiences with the Prime Minister. I was especially anxious to see to what extent his views coincided with the views I had heard expressed in the question periods following my talks. I was anxious, too, to ask him questions that were of serious concern to many Americans today — questions relating to India's role in world affairs and in particular her relationships with the United States, Soviet Russia, and the United Nations.

After my third meeting with the Prime Minister I asked whether any additional discussions we might have could be recorded for release in the United States. I suggested the use of a tape-recording machine for this purpose. Mr. Nehru was at first apprehensive about this proposal, saying he generally had a tendency to tighten up in front of a microphone. I was anxious, however, to get on the record for the American people a fairly complete statement of the Prime Minister's position in his own words. He concurred with my suggestion that we at least give it a trial.



Several days later I brought a tape recorder with me and set it up behind the couch of the main living room on the second floor. The microphone was placed on a coffee table in front of us. At first Mr. Nehru seemed somewhat inhibited by the microphone, but after a few minutes he managed a complete adjustment.

In all, approximately two and one half hours of conversation, spread over two afternoons, were recorded. It is important to emphasize that the Prime Minister had no advance knowledge of the nature or form of the questions I put to him. The questions, in fact, flowed out of the discussion rather than out of any prepared outline. The answers given by Mr. Nehru to my questions appear here in exactly the form in which they were transcribed; they are not edited or revised. The Prime Minister was given the opportunity of correcting the text of the transcript for publication purposes but declined to do so, approving it in the precise form in which it was recorded.

And now for some general remarks. Since my return to the United States the questions most frequently asked me about India have concerned the Prime Minister. In particular the questioners wanted to know whether Mr. Nehru is deliberately leading India down the road to totalitarianism of the Left, and whether he is preparing India for full partnership in a united Communist Asia.

The transcript that follows, I believe, throws considerable light on those questions. It is important that we consider carefully Mr. Nehru's responses, for a wise American policy with respect to India may help to save what remains of Asia and to a large extent may help to save the peace of the world itself.

It is perhaps gratuitous for me to add to what appears in the material that follows. And yet, I believe I am justified in saying that there could be no more tragic mistake for America to make in its foreign policy than to write India off as a Soviet satellite. India has been through a long struggle for independence and intends to keep it against all comers. I am deeply convinced that the present Government of India is committed to that objective.

Nehru's conception of government, as is apparent in the following dialogue, differs diametrically from that of the totalitarian Communists. He believes that the state exists to

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serve man and not man the state. He believes in political liberty not only as an end in itself but as the principal means by which economic and social freedoms may be attained. He takes deep pride in the Indian Constitution, which in a number of respects is similar to the American Constitution, especially in the section dealing with the rights of man.

It is interesting and significant perhaps that Nehru has been accused of violating these constitutional rights by the Communists themselves. In a number of the Indian states the Communist Party has been outlawed. Countless numbers of Communists are imprisoned, and the Government has gone far beyond anything yet done in the United States by way of meeting actual or potential Communist terroristic activities. Two Communists were officially shot only the other day in line with these countermeasures. Meanwhile the Communist press, which fell all over itself praising Nehru for supporting China in the United Nations, denounces him daily for almost every aspect of his domestic policy.

The people of India, like most of the peoples of the Far East since the end of the war, have been looking for outside help. Many of them are trying to complete their liberation from colonial imperialism and they are in search of a champion. Soviet Russia has put on the pose of being that champion and has picked up considerable support on that account. Another Soviet propaganda technique is to pose as the champion of racial equality, making capital of news stories from the United States which highlight racial discrimination. Also Russia is identified with the East in the East-West conflict.

My own guess is that the Nehru Government is actually much farther from the extreme Left than the people themselves—or at least that small section of the people that is politically conscious and articulate. How long it will stay that way depends upon many things, not least of which is the ability of the Government to cope with the fantastically difficult problem of providing for the basic needs of its people—food, jobs, health, housing. This is where America can exercise a profound influence on the direction India takes. If we write India off or cut it off the people may turn decisively to Russia. But if America, with full sense of India's importance and with human values at the core of our foreign policy, proposes a vital working partnership with India, the results quite conceivably might be one of the turning points of history.

By a "working partnership" I am thinking far less in terms of dollars than I am of ideas, of technological know-how, of engineers and teachers and scientists and doctors who could make a vital difference. All the gold in Fort Knox won't produce the medicines and the serums, the industrial plants and the dynamos, the homes and the schools unless human resources are put to work first.

The question, then, "Is India going Communist?" is one which cannot be entirely answered in India. Part of the answer at least can come from the United States.

In the next issue *SRL* will publish the second and concluding portion of the conversations with Nehru. —N. C.

"In Search of Our Soul"—Part I

COUSINS

Mr. Prime Minister, I am deeply grateful to you for the opportunity to discuss with you some general questions and problems relating to Indian and American friendship today. I am sure that during these discussions we will consider many matters of interest to the peoples of both countries. I wonder whether you would care to define for Americans the basis of Indian and American understanding and friendship today.

NEHRU

Well, I don't know that it is possible to define anything precisely in the modern world. The most one can do is to grope about and try to see a way toward any kind of objective that one aims at. Basically, I feel that it is of essential importance for India and the United States to understand and then possibly appreciate each other's outlook with a view to as large a measure of cooperation as possible. Having said that, I begin to think what our objectives are—possibly wider and more ultimate objectives involving a large part of Asia today and possibly the rest of the world. But for the moment I am speaking about India. We are—well, in search of our soul. That sounds rather metaphysical, but I am not, of course, discussing metaphysical matters. We are groping and trying some kind of adjustment—integration, if you like—of our national life, our international as well as individual lives.

Having passed through these periods of transition and very rapid change, we have to find some equilibrium. Well, normally this would have been difficult enough; but in the present state of affairs, after all that occurred since the war in India—the partition, independence, and so on—all this has shaken us up a good deal. And so we are trying to search to find out what our objectives are. Some of us may have some vague notions; others try to look at things objectively without any fixed ideas so far as possible. So when any—shall I say slogans or fixed concepts—are put, we use them in a measure, but we are rather suspicious, too, because slogans are apt to petrify a man's thinking.

COUSINS

Mr. Prime Minister, exactly what slogans and fixed concepts do you have in mind?

NEHRU

Every slogan, every word, almost, that is used by the Socialist, the Communist, the capitalist. People hardly think nowadays. They throw words at each other. They talk about democracy, but when we sit down and think about democracy all kinds of aspects of it appear which do not necessarily come up in the average man's mind. An Englishman may think of democracy in terms of his system; an American in terms of his system. Russia talks about the people's democracy, which is completely different. They use the same word. People talk about equality. Equality has a certain meaning in people's minds—in Western Europe, in America — a certain meaning which is very largely political. And certainly something aiming at economic equality.

COUSINS

For purposes of this discussion, Mr. Prime Minister, how would you define democracy in order to give it a universal meaning — something that people everywhere could understand and respond to?

NEHRU

Now, I told you just now that definitions are very difficult, and I do not

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presume to define anything, because to define anything that is big is to limit it. Nevertheless, if I may vaguely suggest something, I would say that democracy is not only political, not only economic, but something of the mind, as everything is ultimately something of the mind. It involves equality of opportunity to all people, as far as possible, in the political and economic domain. It involves the freedom of the individual to grow and to make the best of his capacities and ability. It involves a certain tolerance of others and even of others' opinions when they differ from yours. It involves a certain contemplative tendency and a certain inquisitive search for truth—and for, let us say, the right thing. That is, it is a dynamic, not a static, thing, and as it changes it may be that its domain will become wider and wider. Ultimately, it is a mental approach applied to our political and economic problems.

COUSINS

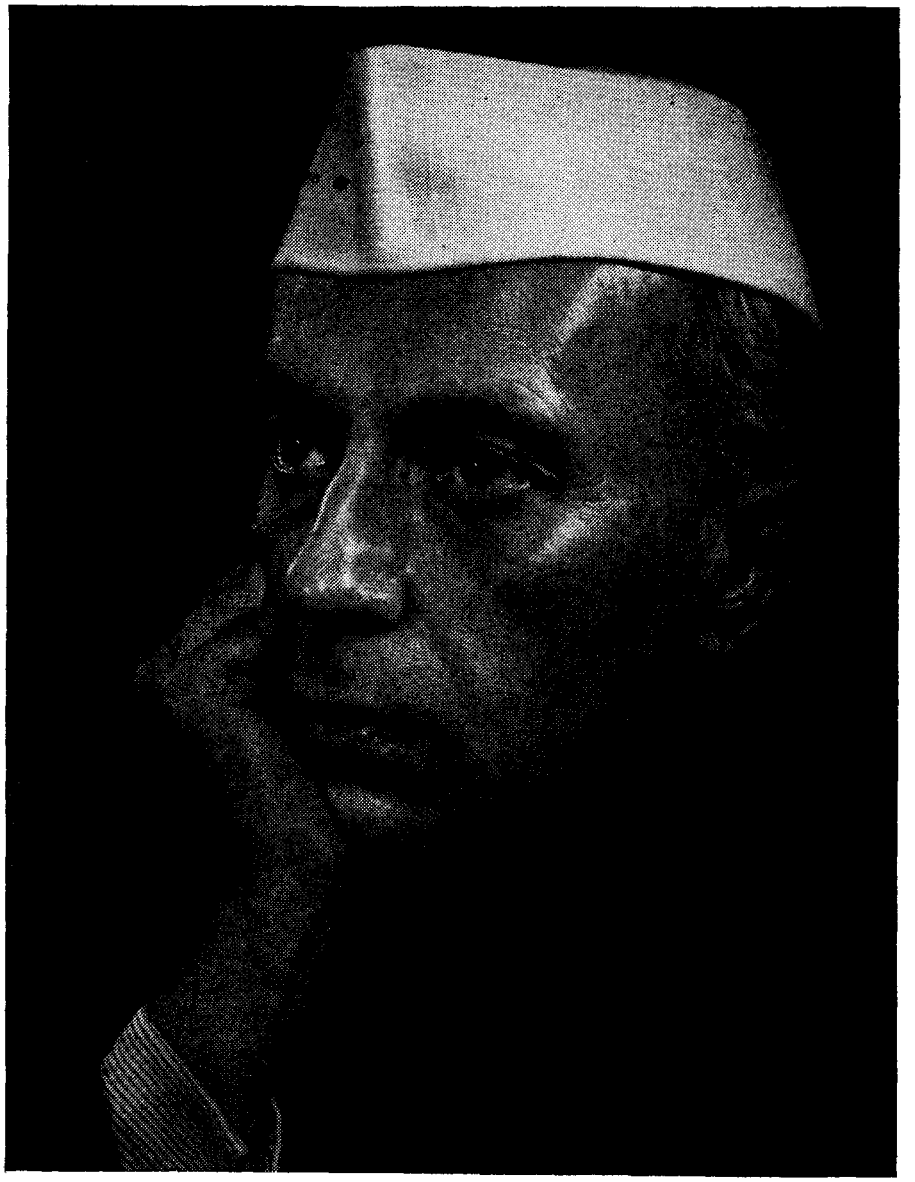
In terms of the basic equalities inherent in democracy that you mention, Mr. Prime Minister—not only political equality but social equality and economic equality—would you agree that political equality is the means through which people may achieve the other equalities? For if we lack political equality then we lack the main tools by which we can secure for ourselves the other rights. Take, for example, the right of protest, which is at the heart of political democracy. I am sure you would agree that if the right of protest is destroyed no country can really call itself a democracy. Nor can any people expect to have other forms of equality —economic or social — unless they maintain this right of protest.

NEHRU

Yes, political freedom or political equality is the very basis on which you build up other equalities. At the same time political equality may cease to have meaning if there is gross economic inequality. Where, let us say, people are starving the vote does not count. They are thinking in terms of the next meal and not of the vote. But leaving that out for the moment, political equality is the basis for other equalities.

COUSINS

Would you say, Mr. Prime Minister, that it would then also follow that the state must submit itself regularly to the approval of the people? Because unless a people have the chance to pass upon the merits of a certain government political equality will be meaningless.



—*Karsh.*

Nehru: "Democracy is something of the mind, as everything is ultimately something of the mind."

NEHRU

I agree again. Although I accept that principle completely, in practice the people can be preyed upon so much by propaganda by rousing their passions in this or that direction that you may get some entirely wrong decisions and wrong policies. But you must take this risk. It is far better to take this risk than the other risk.

COUSINS

I suppose one thing that democracy, as you have defined it, does do is to protect the individual against dangerous error by government. It is true that in the course of sustaining free institutions many mistakes will be made, just as there will be many abuses—abuses which at times, I suppose, will complicate the operation of a democracy. And yet if the mistakes and the abuses become too large the people can use their ultimate power to protect themselves and, as we say in America, to turn the rascals out. What other hope is there that, despite the abuses and the confusions, the people can keep decisions in their own hands, which means that the individual must be protected in his right to change the state?

NEHRU

The individual has to be protected. Also the social organism has to be protected against the predatory individual. You take steps against the gangster or the anti-social individual. So the process of protection is twofold. And it is just possible—in fact, not only possible but it has taken place innumerable times—that a group may gain power and may manage for some time, at least, to preserve that power not merely by the physical means of guns but by deluding the public by propaganda or by other processes.

COUSINS

In which case you might then also say that the people themselves have

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"There are far too many people on the land. We have to draw some of them into industry—big industry or small industry . . ."

failed rather than democracy itself. Wouldn't you agree that democracy is actually a chance—a chance for the individual, a chance to develop his own potentialities, a chance to grow, a chance to advance the human procession, perhaps, even a chance to justify his own place in self-government?

NEHRU

There is an old saying, isn't there, that the people get the government they deserve? And the kind of democracy they deserve? Democracy requires obviously a higher standard among far more people than other forms of government. If they do not reach their standard it may be that their democratic apparatus may fail.

COUSINS

A moment ago you discussed the relationship of men to the state. From what you said I gather that you believe deeply that the state is made for man and not man for the state. The individual, of course, does have obligations and responsibilities to society-at-large, but the state basically is created to advance the welfare of the individual?

NEHRU

Undoubtedly. The individual is uppermost in my mind; but in a social organism an individual cannot be separated from the rest. The rights of the individual must be balanced by the obligations of the individual to the social organism. Without obligations there can be no real rights.

COUSINS

Well, suppose we begin then by defining—I apologize again for getting into definitions—suppose we begin by defining what the principal obligations of the state are to the individual. After that suppose we go on to the obligations of the individual toward society as a whole.

NEHRU

This business of definitions rather embarrasses me, because I am not a professor or a philosopher or even a very effective politician. I have dabbled in various things and given a great deal of thought to matters, because they interest me. A state's obligations to the individual or the individual's obligations to the state must necessarily have varied during different periods of history. The original state was a very, very simple state in which, practically speaking, all that the state had to do was to protect the individual from a foreign enemy or another tribe. Then, from that develops the concept of what might be called, without being offensive, a police state. A state preserves law and order, protects its citizens from foreign enemies, and takes taxes to carry on its business. For the rest, it was left to the individual or the group. The present idea of the state has grown far beyond that. A state is supposed to do much more. Every state—I am not talking about any particular brand of state—every state is trying to do ever so much more for the individual than has ever been attempted previously. So the state becomes more and more of a socially functioning organism—for the good of society or the individual, as you like. And the more it becomes that, the more benefits it confers on the individual, the more, in a sense, the individual has obligations to that state. So the two things, the rights and the obligations, march together. If the state and individual are properly integrated and organized there is no conflict. Otherwise, if one side goes ahead of the other there is a lack of balance.

COUSINS

Within that general framework what would you say an individual has the right to expect of a state—not only as a matter of protection against a foreign power but in his direct dealings with the state itself? How would you illustrate the "socially functioning organism" you just mentioned?

NEHRU

The state, apart from protecting the individual from foreign enemies or internal disorders, has the duty to undertake to provide him with opportunities of progress, of education, health, sanitation — generally, everything that would give him the opportunity to fit himself for such work as he is capable of doing. And, you see, the state, as everything else today, has grown more and more centralized. The deep problem of today, to put it in this way, is this: you cannot escape centralized authority, whether it is of the state, whether it is of the big corporation, whether it is of the trade union, or whether it is of any group. They all go on being centralized authorities. Now all centralization is a slight encroachment on the freedom of the individual. We want to preserve the freedom of the individual, and at the same time we cannot escape centralization in modern society. How to balance the two?

COUSINS

Would it be fair to ask you to answer your own question? What is the answer to the conflict between centralization and individual freedom?

NEHRU

Well, I should say that we cannot do without a large measure of centralization. But we should try to limit that as far as possible, keeping the minimum of centralization and as far as possible decentralize the rest.

COUSINS

Would you at this point, Mr. Prime Minister, care to discuss your own

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program for India today, in the light of these objectives?

NEHRU

I would hardly discuss that program in any detail but the general idea is that we—the state, that is—try to function in a way, first of all, to provide for the primary needs of our people or, at any rate, to make such arrangements that people can get those primary needs. Then there are the important secondary needs. Now, the economic organization would have to be rather a flexible one, so that we can vary by experience. It is inevitable that in India, where private resources are not great, any project must be a state project. Our river valley schemes must be state schemes. No one else can do them. And any other really big project can either be a state project or jointly owned by the state and private enterprise with a measure of state control, leaving a large field for private enterprise. Thus we get what I would call a public sector of our economy and a private sector and maybe a sector where the two overlap, with part state control and largely a private sector managing under state control. So we have these three branches of our economy. There need not be any rigid lines between them, and we can see which functions better and more successfully and allow them to develop. Our approach is experimental and not dogmatic.

COUSINS

You said a moment ago, Mr. Prime Minister, that as a state increases its centralization in certain sections of the nation's economy it becomes all the more important to safeguard and increase the rights of the individual. Would you care to discuss India's position on that matter today—what India is doing today to safeguard and enlarge the rights of the people at a time when it is imperative for India to develop projects requiring centralization?

NEHRU

So far as political rights are concerned I suppose that our Constitution has gone as far as any constitution can go toward safeguarding the political rights of the individual. So far as economic questions are concerned it is a question of a state interfering to protect, rather than keeping away, because in rather undeveloped economies there is a tendency in certain groups of vested interests to override the interests of the large groups by whatever methods they have. Now, we are, very largely speaking, an agricultural agrarian country. And one of our first programs is land reform; that is, to change the old big landlord system here—rather semi-feudal landlord system—in favor here and there of cooperative farms, which we wish to encourage. That removes one out-of-date system—the big landlord system—which came in the way of our growth. The changeover has been complicated because we have done it by Constitutional means and by giving compensation, which is a heavy burden. Nevertheless, that is clearing the way for other reforms—plans for industrial growth, agricultural growth—in many ways collaborating the two as far as possible and thus bringing about some kind of a balance between industry and agriculture today. There are far too many people on the land. We have to draw some of them into industry—big industry or small industry or both.

COUSINS

In connection with India's projected industrial development is there anything that you believe the United States might be able to contribute to India's need today or in the near future?

NEHRU

It is obvious that a highly industrialized and technically efficient nation like the United States can give the greatest help to any underdeveloped country like India. After all, industrialization is limited, as it must be by various factors. There is the factor of the resources we can apply to it, which ultimately means, let us say, annual savings to be put into future growth. It also depends on the technical personnel that we can train. Perhaps that is an even more important factor. And so our progress is bound to be regulated by the resources at our disposal. If we have greater resources —technical, financial, or other — our progress will be faster. That we realize. At the same time, that real progress cannot be superimposed—it has to grow in the country, carrying the people with it. It is not teaching somebody at the top or just putting up a machine. We must grow up to it. While we want to go fast, we want that progress to be solid and not just showy and superficial.

The United States can help us in terms of capital goods and technical personnel. After all, in the nineteenth century a good deal of the development of both North and South America took place with help from Europe. That process to some extent can be applied to Asia now. That type of help can come which will develop Asia and which will enable her to solve her own problems.

COUSINS

This brings up a question we discussed at the outset of our meeting today, Mr. Prime Minister. I refer to American-Indian relations. I have been increasingly disturbed in the past few weeks at what seemed to be a growing misunderstanding between India and the United States. Reading the press of India and also reading clippings from newspapers in the United States, which people back home have sent along to me, I have

"The United States can help us . . ."

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become deeply concerned that these two peoples, who have so much to offer each other and, indeed, upon whom the burden of world peace rests, should today be drifting apart. How do you account for this growing misunderstanding, which in many instances seems actually to approach hostility?

NEHRU

You have been here now some weeks or months. There are many Americans who have visited India during the last few months and have met all kinds of people—members of Government, our officials, our people in the fields and factories, peasants, and the rest. I should like to think of your own experiences here. Have you in your individual capacity experienced —shall I say—any hostility toward you yourself or toward Americans as individuals?

COUSINS

Mr. Prime Minister, here in India I have had one of the richest experiences in my life. I feel, and I say it in all sincerity, that I have been made to feel as much at home by the Indian people as I am back in the United States. Nowhere in the world outside America have I known such warm friendship. Yet at the same time I have observed, especially during the question period following my talks, in the comments that came at me from the audiences, and in reading some of the newspapers, I have observed misunderstanding about the United States that can result in hostility. I know this—that if I were a citizen of India and read the newspapers here and if my impressions of the United States were derived mainly from those newspapers I am afraid I would have a rather distorted idea of the United States. I know that I might then be increasingly vulnerable if someone came at me with propaganda against the United States. I might feel that what he said would be correct, because I would have been conditioned in that direction. So I would say, based upon my experience, Mr. Prime Minister, that while I have nothing but the warmest feeling for the Indian people who have offered their hand in friendship wherever I have gone, I am, as an American, disturbed at what I have read in the press and what I have heard about America and the American people as a whole.

NEHRU

I asked you that rather personal question because I wanted you to appreciate a certain difference between what might be called personal reactions and reactions in regard to some vague impersonal policy.

COUSINS

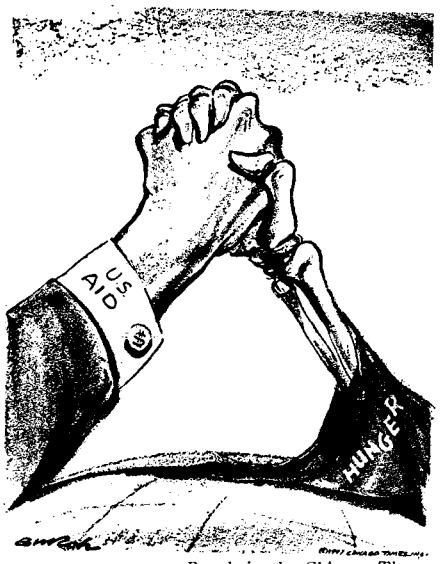
Yes,

NEHRU

Now, look at our history vis-à-vis England. For 150 years or more there was a great deal of hostility, as was natural, against the British occupation of India. To some extent that was transferred to the Englishmen or the English officers here, too. But—not too much. Now, after this change in India to independence, you have no doubt found that there is very little hostility —practically none — to England and certainly none to any individual Englishman.

COUSINS

That is reassuring, especially since I have felt at times here in India as though Americans were being held accountable for all the colonial and imperialistic abuses of the English during the period of their rule. Is it wrong to say that America may have replaced Great Britain as a villain in



—*Burck in the* Chicago Times.

"Test of Strength."

the eyes of some Indians, at least? Is that a fair statement?

NEHRU

Well, I don't think so. Not in that sense, because the Englishman came in contact as an officer with the masses of our people. The Americans don't. America is something distant about which our newspaper readers may read and talk. It does not sink to the level of the large masses. But what I was pointing out was this: that one must differentiate between what might be called the basic feeling of difference in outlook or policy, which for the moment may be expressed strongly but which does not represent any basic hostility. So far as India is concerned I do not think we are very good at long continued or sustained hostility.

Apart from that, for at least thirty years or more we have been conditioned by Mahatma Gandhi. He was continuously telling us that we were fighting against British imperialism, but that we must treat the Englishman as our brother. Well, we did not learn this lesson very well, perhaps, but it did affect our minds and ways of thinking. Anyway, the whole point is this—that I do not think there is any basic hostility against America or, for that matter, against any country here in India. Certain things, certain policies, which may not be clear or which may not fit into our policy, may create criticism—which is a completely different thing.

Now our policy, I should like you to remember, our present general world policy is the natural outgrowth of all our thinking during the last thirty years or more. If you took the trouble to read the resolution our National Congress passed — twenty-five years ago, thirty years ago—you would find a certain way of thinking which we repeated again and again. So that it was quite natural for us to carry that on—varying it, of course, adapting it to changing conditions in the world. Then came our independence. Again, the reaction of a newly independent country is not to get entangled; to keep going itself; to protect its own interest in terms of its larger friendship in the world. So that we had all this background. Not that we **are ignorant of world conditions;** we are friendly observers of them. Then again, there is this aspect of it; if you dislike a thing or disapprove of it, how are you to meet that particular contingency now? We have felt all along that the right approach must be as far as possible an approach of friendliness even to the other wrong approach. Not appeasement. We make distinction between the two. One must not appease evil, but we have to convert evil as far as possible. Therefore we have to be firm and yet courteous and friendly. The evildoer may not be converted, but remember there are vast numbers of people who are not evil but are conditioned by the evildoer.

COUSINS

I cannot, of course, speak for the American Government and I certainly cannot presume to speak for the American people. But I would guess that the American people would thoroughly agree with you in what you have said about appeasement. In our own relations with the rest of the world today we do feel that we are confronted with a matter of principle which it is difficult to put aside or ignore. We believe these principles are related not only to American security but to the security of free people of the world today, for the two are interdependent. We cannot advance common security for the world's peo-

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ples through a policy of appeasement. Would you agree?

NEHRU

I agree with you entirely when you say that there should be no appeasement of evil. Having said that, it depends how you deal with evil. It depends also what is evil and what is not and to what degree a thing is evil. Very few things are 100 per cent evil —just as very few things are 100 per cent good—and if condemning something which is mixed good and evil you condemn the whole thing you might get slightly entangled in condemning the good, too.

COUSINS

But what happens when you are threatened by the whole thing?

NEHRU

Well, when you are threatened by the whole thing you resist that threat, but you try to distinguish, nevertheless, because otherwise you confuse people's minds and make them think that you are against the good, too.

COUSINS

So far as the need to distinguish between the whole thing and its parts is concerned I believe that we in America do try to make distinctions. We do make a distinction I think, for example, between the Russian people and the Russian Government. I don't think there is any hostility in the United States towards the Russian people. We regard the Russian people as human beings who are entitled to the same fair share of the good things of life as we want for ourselves. But some peoples in the world today are harnessed by their governments to purposes which threaten the peace. Under these circumstances would you agree that even if we do make distinctions the threat to world peace can continue? How are we to deal with this threat—again, without uncertainty or appeasement?

NEHRU

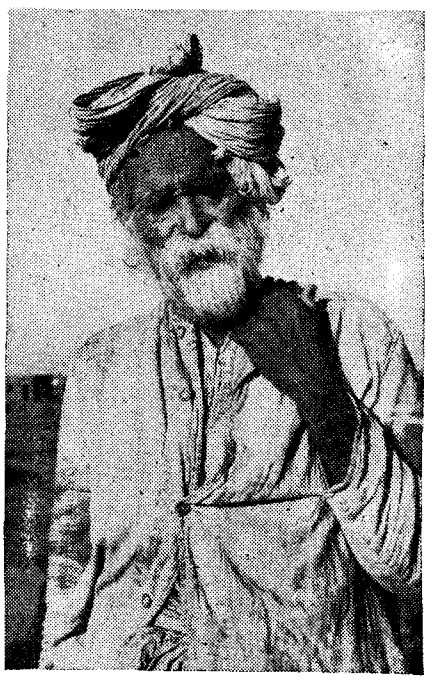
Well, that is a big question that you have raised. I should have said that the basic threat today in the world was fear. And fear is the most dangerous companion for any individual or for any country to possess. Fear clogs the mind, and fear leads often to impassioned action. As you have said, we must not give in to evil, but we must also remember that evil is not surmounted by wrong methods which themselves produce more evil. Therefore, the method becomes very important. It may sound—well, shall I say—like preaching a sermon. I have felt more and more that the basic lesson that Gandhi taught was right, and that was that means should never be subordinate to ends. I know that these sayings cannot easily be translated into life. A politician or statesman cannot function like a prophet, whether it is in a democracy or any other type of government. He has to limit himself to people's understanding of him and people's appreciation of what he says, otherwise he cannot function at all. Nevertheless, this basic idea seems to be most important: that the right means should be employed and firmness should be allied always to a spirit of friendliness and conciliation, not of appeasement. I do make a distinction.

COUSINS

What, then, is a policy that could represent firmness without appeasement? What can we do to keep from spreading in the world that very doctrine—that the end justifies the means?

NEHRU

Well, negatively speaking, the first thing to do is to follow means which can be justified. And not to adopt the same argument that in order to meet evil one can adopt any means to meet that evil. Then one stands on a stronger moral foundation and can meet that evil much more effectively. For the rest, it is a question of balance all the time—that in the context of things one at least does not do the wrong thing. Then, again, one thing is always possible—it is that one can be firm, shall I say, courteous, when need for firmness is not shown by violent language, which really, especially when countries are dealing with each other, inflames popular passions so much that it becomes impossible to think calmly and dispassionately. Violent language inflames the minds of others—not only of the evil people but even of the good people, even of the good people on the other side. There is a wall created which absolutely prohibits understanding.



Indian farmer—"a long struggle."

COUSINS

As you observe the development of the United Nations, Mr. Prime Minister, do you believe that it does offer the means of creating an atmosphere of reason and checking the spread of such doctrines in the world—the doctrine, in particular, that the end justifies the means? In asking that, I suppose I am also asking how we can check and combat aggressive totalitarianism. Isn't this the primary job of the United Nations?

NEHRU

The United Nations was formed with an objective defined in its charter. Its structure was both defined and proclaimed by its founders. It is essentially an instrument for peace. If that structure is changed and if it becomes an instrument for war then it does not function as United Nations but as something else which may really not be necessary; but it is a different functioning and different structure. The whole idea of the United Nations, in the minds of President Roosevelt and others, was that people in countries of different ways should come together around the table, that, in fact, every country in the world should come there and hammer out solutions instead of fighting on the battlefields. Now, if that structure is changed and a good part of the world is not there, then a very different situation is created; that other part of the world doesn't participate in that hammering-out and it has to be dealt with by other means. The United Nations at the present moment is the only organization which can deal with such problems. But it does seem that its effectiveness is growing less. Its basic, I should say its spiritual, effectiveness is growing less because it is working in a field which is rather foreign to its conception.

COUSINS

Yet isn't it possible that the existing structure of the United Nations is such as to make it difficult for all the nations of the world to sit around the same table? If one nation can set aside the will of the others through the veto, for example, then there is not much inducement to sit around a table for the purpose of coping with fairly fundamental problems. Then too, so long as there are no obligations that are compulsory and binding, which could make it possible for the United Nations to implement and enforce its decisions, there is every tendency for nations which feel insecure to strengthen themselves through armament programs or military alliances. This in turn makes it

(*Continued on page 60*)

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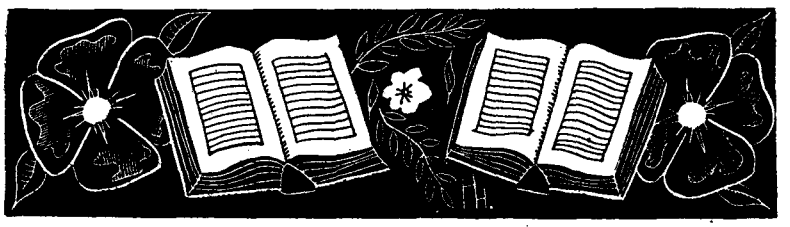
Current Books Worth Reading

The Nation's Critics Vote



BOOK CRITICS and book buyers often fail to see eye to eye in their literary judgments, but on the basis of a poll just completed by *SRL* it appears that the two groups are in uncommon rapport this spring. James Jones's novel of Army life, "From Here to Eternity," which has climbed to the top of best-seller lists since its publication two months ago, is the new work of fiction most recommended by the nation's newspaper reviewers, followed closely by another buyers' favorite, Arthur Koestler's "The Age of Longing."

In the category of "general" books, because more titles are published and they appeal to a wider range of tastes, the critics' preferences did not run so strongly to any one or two titles. But the general books named most frequently—Arthur Mizener's biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Far Side of Paradise," Ethel Waters's autobiographical "His Eye Is on the Sparrow," and Cecil Woodham-Smith's biography of Florence Nightingale—are all in strong demand at the bookshops.

SRL's third annual spring poll brought responses from twenty-three critics representing newspapers in major cities in every section of the country. Asked to name five works of fiction and five general books worthy of the attention of discriminating readers this spring, the critics submitted fifty-seven general titles and fifty-six fiction titles.

The most frequently named general books are:

"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur Mizener (Houghton)—nine votes.

"His Eye Is on the Sparrow," by Ethel Waters and Charles Samuels (Doubleday)—nine votes.

"Florence Nightingale," by Cecil Woodham-Smith (McGraw-Hill)—eight votes.

"The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt," edited by Elting E. Morison (to be published April 18 by Harvard)—five votes.

"A King's Story," by the Duke of Windsor (Putnam)—four votes.

"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar Bradley (to be published in June by Holt)—four votes.

The most frequently named fiction titles are:

"From Here to Eternity," by James Jones (Scribner)—fourteen votes.

"The Age of Longing," by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan)—ten votes.

"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk (Doubleday)—seven votes.

"Festival," by J. B. Priestley (Harper)—four votes.

"The Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald," edited by Malcolm Cowley (Scribner)—four votes.

"World So Wide," by Sinclair Lewis (Random)—four votes.

The critics apparently had some difficulty making up their minds whether James A. Michener's forthcoming "Return to Paradise" was fiction or factual reporting. At any rate, with four votes cast for it as fiction and two votes as a general book it claims a place as one of the most recommended books of the season.

The six favorites among the general books suggest that this is a great year for personal history. Another trend: the presence of highly regarded books by and about F. Scott Fitzgerald on both general and fiction lists underscores the fact that the author of "The Great Gatsby" looms ever larger on the literary scene in this spring of 1951 than he did during his own Twenties.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

W. G. ROGERS
Associated Press

General

"Peter Moen's Diary," translated by Bjorn Koefoed (Creative Age).
"Red Storm Over Asia," by Robert Payne (Macmillan).
"Florence Nightingale," by Cecil Woodham-Smith (McGraw-Hill).
"World Within World," by Stephen Spender (Harcourt).
"The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt," edited by Elting E. Morison (to be published April 18 by Harvard).

Fiction

"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk (Doubleday).
"The Proper Gods," by Virginia Sorensen (Harcourt).
"From Here to Eternity," by James Jones (Scribner).
"A Game of Hide-and-Seek," by Elizabeth Taylor (Knopf).
"Rebel Run," by Louis Zara (Crown).

J. F. ROTHERMEL
Birmingham News

General

"Seven Decisions That Shaped History," by Sumner Welles (Harper).
"His Eye Is on the Sparrow," by Ethel Waters and Charles Samuels (Doubleday).
"The Vicious Circle," by Margaret Case Harriman (Rinehart).
"Red Storm Over Asia," by Robert Payne.
"Unpopular Essays," by Bertrand Russell (Simon & Schuster).

Fiction

"Sheep Rock," by George R. Stewart (Random).
"From Here to Eternity," by James Jones.
"The Burned Bramble," by Manès Sperber (Doubleday).
"Round the Bend," by Nevil Shute (Morrow).
"Sing at My Wake," by Jo Sinclair (McGraw-Hill).

ALICE DIXON BOND
Boston Herald

General

"His Eye Is on the Sparrow," by Ethel Waters and Charles Samuels (Doubleday).
"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur Mizener (Houghton).
"Florence Nightingale," by Cecil Woodham-Smith.
"Peace Can Be Won," by Paul Hoffman (to be published April 20 by Doubleday).
"Red Storm Over Asia," by Robert Payne.

Fiction

"The Age of Longing," by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan).
"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk.
"Return to Paradise," by James Michener (to be published April 23 by Random).
"God's Men," by Pearl Buck (John Day).
"Jenkins' Ear," by Odell and Willard Shepard (Macmillan).

VAN ALLEN BRADLEY
Chicago Daily News

General

"His Eye Is on the Sparrow," by Ethel Waters and Charles Samuels.
"Life in the Far West," by George Frederick Ruxton (Oklahoma).

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"Florence Nightingale," by Cecil Woodham-Smith.
"A King's Story," by the Duke of Windsor (Putnam).
"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar Bradley (to be published in June by Holt).

Fiction

"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk.
"The Age of Longing," by Arthur Koestler.
"The Ironmaster," by Anne Powers (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Grotto," by Grace Zaring Stone (Harper).
"From Here to Eternity," by James Jones.

EMMETT DEDMON
Chicago Sun-Times

General

"The Vicious Circle," by Margaret Case Harriman.
"His Eye Is on the Sparrow," by Ethel Waters.
"Peace Can Be Won," by Paul G. Hoffman.
"Return to Paradise," by James A. Michener.
"Loyalty of Free Men," by Alan Barth (Viking).

Fiction

"The Reef," by Keith Wheeler (Dutton).
"From Here to Eternity," by James Jones.
"A Little Night Music," by Mary Jane Ward (Random).
"The Age of Longing," by Arthur Koestler.
"Proud New Flags," by F. Van Wyck Mason (Lippincott).

FREDERIC BABCOCK
Chicago Tribune

General

"A King's Story," by the Duke of Windsor.
"The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt," edited by Elting E. Morison.
"Mary Garden's Story," by Mary Garden and Louis Biancolli (Simon & Schuster).
"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar Bradley.

Fiction

"Barbary Shore," by Norman Mailer (to be published in May by Rinehart).
"God's Men," by Pearl Buck.
"The Spur," by Ardyth Kennelly (Messner).
"Fire on the Wind," by David Garth (Putnam).
"Jenkins' Ear," by Odell and Willard Shepard.

FREDERICK YEISER
Cincinnati Enquirer

General

"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur E. Mizener.
"The Georgian Literary Scene," by Frank Swinnerton (Farrar, Straus).
"The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt," edited by Elting E. Morison.
"The Journals of André Gide," Volume IV, by André Gide (Knopf).
"Time of Fallen Blossoms," by Allan S. Clifton (Knopf).

Fiction

"World So Wide," by Sinclair Lewis (Random).
"From Here to Eternity," by James Jones.
"The Place of the Lion," by Charles Williams (Pellegrini & Cudahy).
"The Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald," edited by Malcolm Cowley (Scribner).
"Operation Heartbreak," by Duff Cooper (Viking).

FRANK O'NEILL
Cleveland News

General

"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur Mizener.

"I'm having Somerset Maugham for the week end, dear. Don't forget to change the books in the guest room."

"His Eye Is on the Sparrow," by Ethel Waters.
"Policy for the West," by Barbara Ward (Norton).
"Taming of the Arts," by Juri Jelagin (Dutton).
"The Vicious Circle," by Margaret Case Harriman.

Fiction

"Jenkins' Ear," by Odell and Willard Shepard.
"From Here to Eternity," by James Jones.
"The Witch Diggers," by Jessamyn West (Harcourt).
"The Age of Longing," by Arthur Koestler.
"World So Wide," by Sinclair Lewis.

ROBERT I. SNAJDR
Cleveland Plain Dealer

General

"The Loyalty of Free Men," by Alan Barth.
"My Six Convicts," by Donald Powell Wilson (Rinehart).
"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur Mizener.
"Florence Nightingale," by Cecil Woodham-Smith.
"His Eye Is on the Sparrow," by Ethel Waters and Charles Samuels.

Fiction

"Strait and Narrow," by Geoffrey Cotterell (Lippincott).
"The Age of Longing," by Arthur Koestler.
"Festival," by J. B. Priestley (Harper).
"Candlemas Bay," by Ruth Moore (Morrow).
"The Grand Portage," by Walter O'Meara (Bobbs-Merrill).

ERNEST CADY
Columbus Dispatch

General

"The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt," edited by Elting E. Morison.
"Design for War," by Frederic R. Sanborn (Devin-Adair).
"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur Mizener.
"Lincoln and the Press," by Robert S. Harper (McGraw-Hill).
"Human Fertility," by Robert Cook (Sloane).

Fiction

"Come Home at Even," by Le Grand Cannon, Jr. (Holt).
"Neither Five Nor Three," by Helen MacInnes (Harcourt).
"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk.
"Grain of the Wood," by Michael Home (Macmillan).
"The Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald," edited by Malcom Cowley.

LON TINKLE
Dallas News

General

"A King's Story," by the Duke of Windsor.
"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar Bradley.
"Rommel, the Desert Fox," by Desmond Young (Harper).
"The Florida of the Inca," by Garcilasco de la Vega (Texas).

(*Continued on page* 62)

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Garden Pieces

"Of course, you know the dinner tonight is in honor of Li Shi-kou," Eric said. "I'm keen to see the old boy. At the moment he is the richest and most powerful man in China. He's bringing his First Wife—and two daughters, also, I hear. I wonder what made him loosen up? He's stuck to the old ways in spite of what his friends have done."

I grinned. "But you don't know the whole story. The gals aren't his daughters; they're concubines. I got the low-down from Betty Carson. She's been at the house almost every day this month teaching them to dance."

"Good God! Why is he doing it?"

"As near as Betty can figure it, since he is so deep in international politics he feels he must adopt some Western customs. The First Wife hates it, but the old man insists. He hasn't any daughters and he thinks it is part of the foreign idea to have girls to go out with them to give him 'face.' But Betty believes there's a more subtle reason. Li has the finest art collection outside the Imperial Palace, as you know, and he wants the foreigners to see that his women are just as beautiful as his paintings. Betty says one of the girls, Hwa Shan, is a knockout. She's the last one; his thirty-first concubine."

"Oh, I say! The old boy must be nearly seventy."

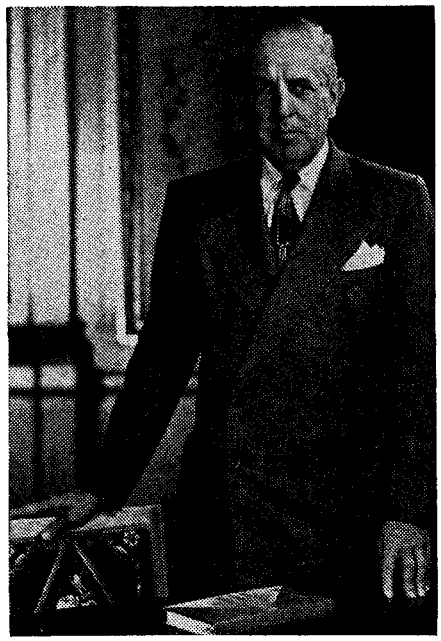
"I know, but lately he has collected 'concies' just as art objects, not for Master's body. If he sees a beautiful piece of porcelain or jade he simply can't rest till he owns it. Apparently it's the same with girls. Betty says he has the most wonderful gardens, and in the afternoon he sits on the porch drinking tea with some of his intimate friends, or just alone, while the girls take classical poses among the flowers; something like a static ballet. He nearly bursts with pride."

—From "Heart of Asia," by Roy Chapman Andrews (Duell, Sloan & Pearce).

Freedom to Grow

We Americans have the right to be proud of what we have done but not the right to stop growing. The most exciting fact about America is that it has always been "unfinished business."

We've got to keep it unfinished business and, above all, keep opportunity expanding in the decade of tension that lies ahead. That is not going to be easy. The Kremlin is creating tensions and fears which, unless we are on our guard, will result in actions ill-considered and even hysterical—actions that will constrict the freedom vital to continued growth. But it can be done if every proposal to curtail either civil liberties or freedom of enterprise is subjected to a critical examination of its long-term effects.



—Louis Folquet.

Paul Hoffman—"the right to be proud."

Everyone recognizes that in order to give priority to our defense efforts some economic controls are necessary. But we should constantly keep in mind that managers produce most when they themselves have the power to make operating decisions, and that workers produce best at jobs of their own choosing. Before imposing any control we should make sure that it is imperatively needed and that we make clear our intent to lift it at the end of the emergency that brought it into being.

Even more important . . . is the need to maintain our civil liberties. Loss of liberty is a terrible thing. Still vivid in my mind is the contrast between the people of East and West Berlin. In West Berlin, despite all hardships, the men, the women, and children stand upright, and there is hope on their faces. In East Berlin the people tend to cringe and if they look at one at all, that look is furtive. We can survive this decade of tension in America. We can even expand for ourselves and the whole world continuing opportunities for growth, if we refuse to descend to witch-hunting but instead keep the Bill of Rights as real as today, as up-to-date as tomorrow.

To keep freedom alive at home, to keep our house in order, is to broaden and buttress a base of operations for the effective leadership of the free world. America must now be as eager to grow up as it has been to grow.

—From "Peace Can Be Won," by Paul Hoffman (to be published April 20 by Doubleday).

The Comfort of God

Editor's Note: *Peter Moen, forty-year-old Norwegian businessman, was put in solitary confinement by the Nazis in 1944. Lacking paper and pen, he "borrowed" a pin from his blackout curtain to prick out each word of a diary on coarse gray toilet-paper.*

Saturday, 2-19
The 16th Day at M. 19

Escape and liberty color my dreams. The subconscious works out plans for escape which are unknown to the consciousness and the hopes of day. I fight against hope of escape. Then it returns in the night to tempt and trick me. But I know perfectly well that the chances of achieving liberty by escape are nil.

Every day I keep in mind that my fate may be to suffer and die. I am often very much afraid and it's a gaping wound within me that the torture at V. T. made me derelict to my duty, which was to keep silence. Torture is more immoral than murder. It's too late now to repent. May God and my comrades have mercy on me! Would that *one* might be shot for all, and this one were I.

A few words in the dwindling daylight. Is my "need of God" sincere? Or is it just an *argumentum ad hoc*—a prison commodity? It has been asserted that belief in God springs from fear—fear of nature and of death. If that's the case then I am on the right road. I believe I can "find God" through suffering, fear, and prayer. Am I tricking myself then? Has the spirit really become master? I cannot answer this question today. I know only that suffering and fear are ter-

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rifying realities and that when I am up against them I shout: God—help me. And this shout relieves me. It alleviates and sometimes removes the fear. Did God help then? I do not want to delude myself—but I cannot deny the experience. Yet it can be interpreted—further. I search deeper within. If only I had a Bible? Or Pascal's "Pensées." In this Nazi prison there is neither Bible nor Pascal—only trash.

SATURDAY, MARCH THE FOURTH
30TH DAY AT M. 19

"Nazi tyranny" is a reality for us political "convicts." We know its meaning and for that very reason are willing to sacrifice much in the fight against it. I'm prepared to die for this cause. Death is a bitter but "clean" consequence. What I and doubtless all other prisoners of the Nazis fear more than death is *torture*. There are no words to cover my feelings about the mass torture that goes on at V. T. in this city. It robs me of every belief. I say: How *can* God let such a thing happen? Thinking comes to a standstill when it is faced with this problem. Some few people may be led through suffering to contemplation, but what of the many? It's easy enough to arrive at hopelessness and denial at V. T. 2 of the bloodhounds from V. T. were here today. A little holding back on my part. "You'll tell us, won't you, Moen—or—well, I don't intend to come here every day." What is the use of refusing. There are four men besides me here that know the whole story.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11TH
190TH DAY

No harm shall come to me!
This phrase has power! !

When people discuss religion this "argument" returns over and over: "He who believes in God is contented." The poor in spirit take this state of being "contented" as a *proof* of religion's truth. More sophisticated people present the matter like this: We can neither prove nor disprove God's existence. To the faithful he exists. We cannot deny the assertion of the faithful that God comforts and helps them.

—From "Peter Moen's Diary," translated by Bjorn Koefoed (Creative Age Press).

In the Blood

I NEVER SAW where Salomé lived. I never was with that great dancer of Egypt, Thaïs, but I knew her. I knew them all. That sort of thing was always happening to me—the feeling of being someone else and having been somewhere else. I never knew anything about the lives of these women of opera. I had them all in me, in my very flesh and blood. If only someone could tell me about that. I must confess it has always been a mystery to me. They were just there, and they had nothing to do with me personally. Absolutely nothing to do with Mary Garden from Aberdeen, Scotland. Was it a sixth sense? Maybe. I just don't know. All I do know is that when I finished any performance of mine—Louise, Salomé, Mélisande—and went home and had my glass of milk with ten drops of iodine in it I never remembered that I had sung anything or that I had been impersonating anyone. Never, never, never. I was always Mary Garden, myself, again.

So you see why I say, over and over again, I never "studied" any of these roles. I never had to rehearse, really. They were always there, in me, in my body and soul, when I sang. It made no difference what country or period it was, it was always the same, an extraordinary thing that I shall never understand. I have never thought about it quite as much as I do today, and I wonder more than ever just what the answer to the riddle is. Yet I am sure that I could tell another person, another singer, how to do it—if she had any imagination. I could *make* her do it. I could put it into her brain so that she could *see*, let us say, the genius of those two men, Debussy and Maeterlinck.

—From "Mary Garden's Story," by Mary Garden and Louis Biancolli (Simon and Schuster).

A Speech Is Born

I AGREED to make a speech provided it was very short and written out for me phonetically in Latin letters. One of the teachers, Zhenia, and I retired . . . to begin the drafting. . . .

The teacher came up with a first draft:

"Comrades," it read, "on this occasion of the sixteenth anniversary of the Great October Revolution, I bring you the flaming greetings of all progressive teachers and students in America. Hail to the World Revolution!"

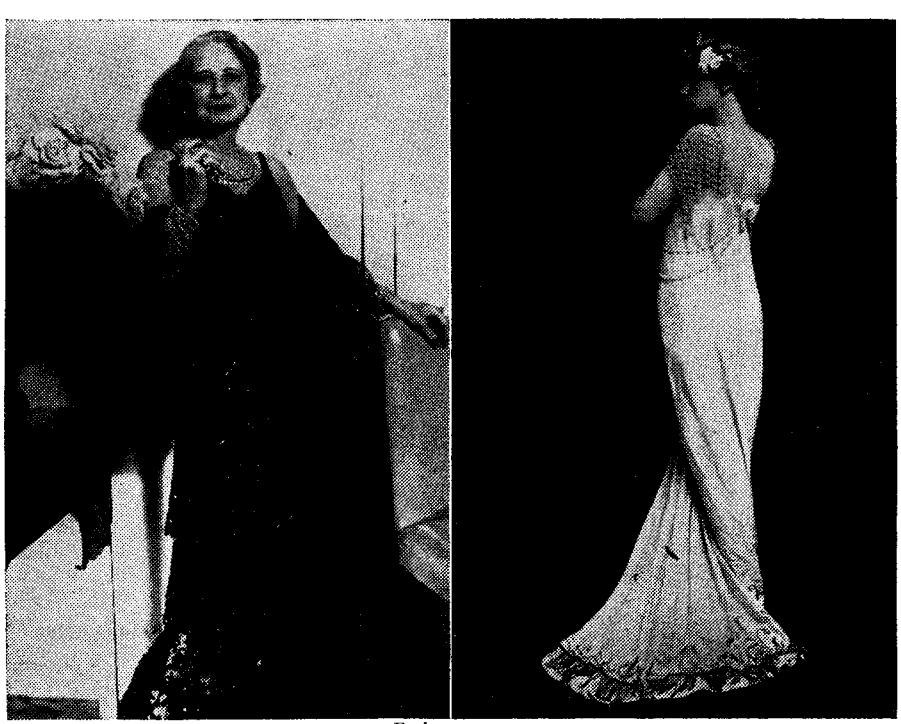
I read it and winced. As a starter, I said that it was too long. "Let's cut out one sentence — particularly the second sentence."

They agreed a little reluctantly. Then I explained that as I didn't have any formal mandate I had no right to speak for any particular group in America. "Let's just say 'Greetings from America'—and cut out that flaming stuff. It isn't typically American," I explained. After a good deal of argument it was agreed to on parliamentary grounds.

"And now about this word 'comrades,'" I said. "After all I'm not a Communist Party member and it would be most presumptuous of me to use an expression that at least in America is reserved exclusively for fellow Party members." The teacher and Zhenia stiffened.

"But you can't begin a speech without 'comrades,'" they said. "Not in the Soviet Union."

I stood firm and insisted it must be



—*Forbes.*

Mary Garden today and yesterday: "I never had to rehearse, really."

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deleted. They stood firm and insisted it stay in. We reached a deadlock and sent for the Komsomol leader. He argued. I argued.

"A speech isn't a speech in the Soviet Union without 'comrades,'" he said.

"That isn't so in America," I retorted.

"But you've recognized us now," he said, "and anyway when in Rome do as the Romans do."

"President Roosevelt wrote 'friend' to Kalinin," I replied, "and President Roosevelt always says 'friends' when he makes a speech."

The name of Roosevelt obviously impressed the Komsomol and at last he agreed to replace "comrades" with "friends."

By now the director of the school had finished his hour's oration and it was my turn.

Trembling in every joint, I reached the rostrum and clutched the stand firmly in both hands. I looked at the scratched and rumpled piece of paper in my hand and started:

"Comrades . . ."

The thousand children in front of me howled with delight at the strange accent. The Komsomol leader laughed merrily that after all my fuss I'd used his word after all. I turned purple.

"Friends," I began again, "on this occasion of the sixteenth—" I looked down at the hieroglyphics on the paper in my hand to find the next word. (It was a hard one in Russian: *Godovshchina.*) Before I could get it out a thousand prompters shouted in chorus:

"*Godovshchina.*"

"*Godovshchina,*" I repeated and continued, "of the great October Revolution, I bring you greetings from America." I sat down.

The roar was deafening. The children screamed for more. The director shook my hand as though I'd just established a new world's record for the pole vault.

—*From "Bears in the Caviar," by Charles W. Thayer (Lippincott).*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 889)

*EZRA POUND:
TO HARRIET MONROE

(Editor of *Poetry*; London, Eng., May 23, 1914)

As for my only liking importations, that's sheer nonsense. Are the only American poets those who are too lazy to study or travel? . . . Until America has courage enough to read Voltaire, it won't be fit for pigs, let alone humans.

*From "Letters of Ezra Pound, 1914-1940," edited by D. D. Paige.

A Great Man

FATHER WAS a shining exception to the rule that no man is great in his own home. Perhaps because he was away so much he was a heroic and legendary figure not only to all his children but to all his wives. We took our cue from Mother, who had a special inflection of almost worshipful awe when speaking of him. And Father had lived so long as a public figure and had had such a strong testimony that he was a special being and set apart, that he calmly accepted homage as his due.

If he was home for his birthday, it was the big event of the year. If he wasn't home, he would write Mother reminding her of the impending day and requesting that it be observed with due ceremony by his family. His birthday came in May, coinciding with the spawning run of suckers from Utah Lake up the Provo River, and the assembled clan in several wagons trekked to the river and spent the day snagging suckers, falling into the river, getting snagged on fish hooks, cooking over and burning ourselves at the fire, and having in general a glorious time.

To us it was a simple matter of paying homage on the birthday of a great man. The stars never left the eyes of the wives, and its glow was reflected in the eyes of the children. . . . His families were the all-important thing to him in this world and the next, and to his family he was the all-important man. He was the great cohesive influence that held his spirited wives together in harmony. Whatever their occasional personal differences, it was strictly interfamily —more exactly, interwife, for the kids never knew—differences as between sisters. For the wives belonged to that special and ultra select sisterhood of being married to the incomparable John.

—*From "Family Kingdom," by Samuel Woolley Taylor (McGraw-Hill).*

The Happy Molls

BY THE END of the First World War women had become independent wage earners and achieved greater personal freedom. And as they emerged from their protected status, styles in recreation began to change. The hand went off the cradle and the foot went onto the brass rail. Unescorted women could appear in public dancing places. There was more and more free mingling of sexes, more opportunity to meet men on their own terms, more temptation to act with men in crime.

When women wore bustles they *couldn't* climb a fire escape to commit a burglary. By the time I was in parole work they either wore slacks or didn't care *how* they looked on the climb upward.

I became more convinced that in some criminal operations women were more capable than men, better equipped, and infinitely more happy about it all. Take blackmail. There was a time when men bent on this enterprise hired a girl to act as a lure in the badger game. She was an employee, that was all. She enticed the victim into a compromising position; the thugs walked in and set the price. Nowadays women have eliminated the middleman. They do the entire job themselves. . . .

Women are natural guntoters too. Mobsters' molls have become common phenomena. They comfort their men, carry the rods so that a cop's frisk won't reveal anything incriminating on the male suspect. . . .

On occasion women have even formed their own criminal aggregations. In New York prisons I interviewed a half-dozen ladies, part of a larger gang organized for systematic fur thefts. Each woman was in her late fifties, had a long unsavory criminal record, was hardened, cold, and as calculatingly professional as any male criminal. After starting in Chicago the mob moved from city to city, stealing expensive furs from swank stores. They worked their way to New York, started back again, were caught halfway along the charted route.

Women are also going into crime requiring some amount of physical prowess, even rough stuff. In 1949 there were 820 females arrested for criminal homicide; 965 for robbery; 6,195 for assault. There were 541 arrests for carrying or possessing dangerous weapons. Where a generation ago a girl like Celia Cooney was a sensation, today her imitators are commonplace. Ma Barker, cigar-smoking, gun-toting leader of a desperate mob, was a product of her age. Kathryn Kelly, the wife of George "Machine Gun" Kelly, not only used a gun but blue-printed her husband's jobs and instilled in the cowardly George enough courage to carry out the plans.

—*From "Parole Chief," by David Dressler, former director of New York State's Division of Parole (Viking).*

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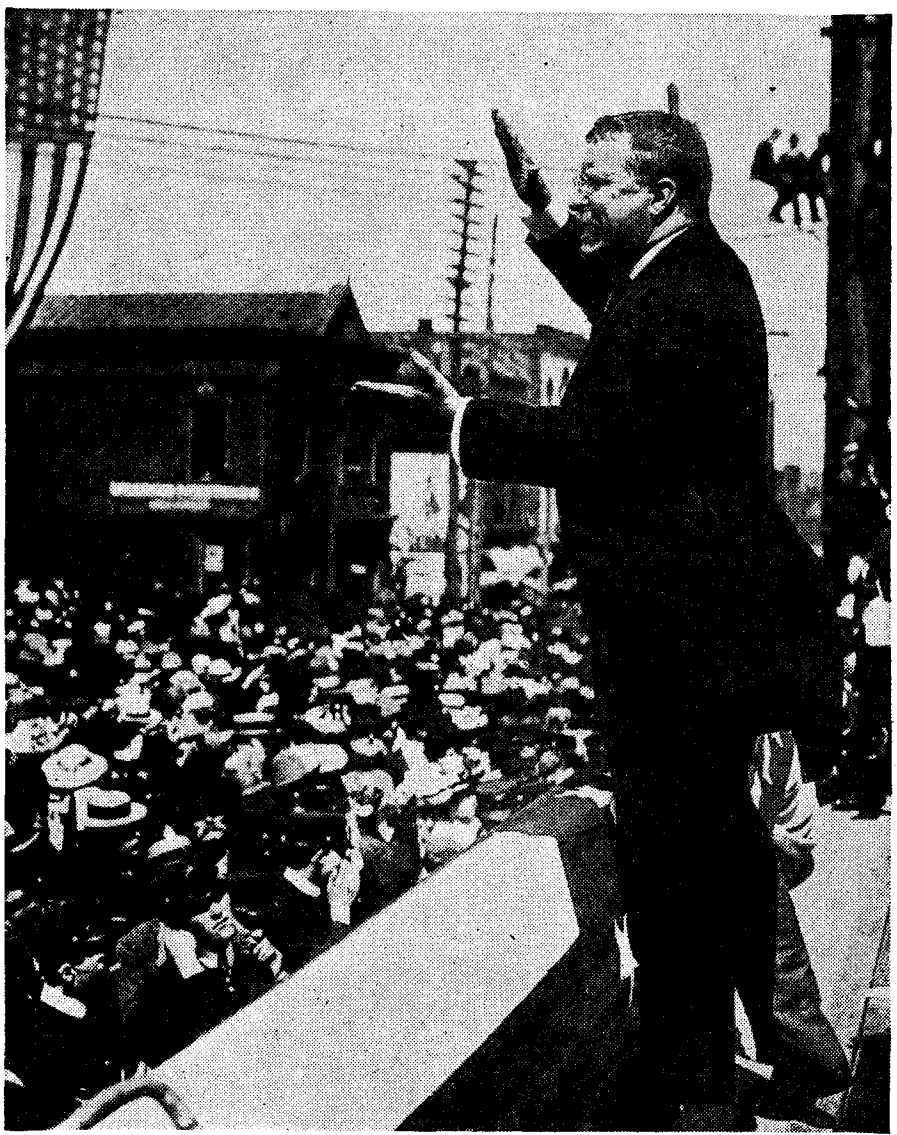
T. R. Portfolio

". . . a happy childhood."

The Family, 1903—"nothing else . . . can take the place of family life."

". . . myself . . . the heir of Lincoln."



—*From "The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt" (Harvard University Press).*

"Afraid of privation [?]—don't come West."

Explaining the Square Deal: "We need to check the forces of greed."

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Personal History. *The results of* SRL's *poll of the nation's critics published on page 20 underscore the pre-eminence of biography among this spring's books. Probably the most popular at the moment is Ethel Waters's "His Eye Is on the Sparrow." The candid, gossipy elements that have contributed so materially to its success are present also in the autobiography of a more fortunately born member of the human race, the Duke of Windsor's "A King's Story," which John Gunther reviews below. The self-sacrifice and dedication to high purpose that characterized the career of Florence Nightingale, heroine of Cecil Woodham-Smith's fine biography, appear also in "Martha's Husband," Blair Niles's new life of General and Mrs. George Washington (page 28). Biography has ever provided a pleasant doorway to exotic lands. Vladimir Nabokov recalls his Russian boyhood in "Conclusive Evidence," while two adventurous American women tell of Arab ways in "Harem Scare'm" and "I Married an Arab" (page 29).*

A Document of Our Time

A KING'S STORY: The Memoirs of the Duke of Windsor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 435 pp. $4.50.

By JOHN GUNTHER

"I WANTED to be a successful King, but a King in the modern way." So writes the Duke of Windsor in this volume of long-awaited memoirs, and the sentence supplies the clue to an imperial and personal tragedy without parallel in the modern world. The Duke, after forty-one years of spectacular preparation for the duties of kingship, was pitched off the most magnificent of contemporary thrones after a reign of exactly 325 days. He made history of a kind he never intended to make, and history will not forget.

The Duke's book, expertly written, is more than merely a recapitulation of what H. L. Mencken once irreverently called "the greatest story since the Crucifixion." It describes in effective, touching detail what almost everybody would agree is the most incandescent love story of the twentieth century, but it has value to the historian—and the student of human nature—beyond just that. "A King's Story," better than anything I have read in more sober volumes, symbolizes the twilight—the sunset—of an epoch. This is England (and Europe) as it was and will never be again.

The Duke had the talented assistance of Charles T. V. Murphy in writing this book, but it is in a real sense his own from the first word to the last. As his friends know, he put into it a murderous amount of work. The Duke is not and has never claimed to be a literary man. Writing "A King's Story" was a titanic struggle. There are some gaps that the reader might wish to have filled in, and His Royal Highness could doubtless have written more peppery passages about a good many people if he had been willing to sacrifice the fine dignity that marks the work as a whole. There is not a trace of cheapness—and very few traces of triviality—in 435 tightly composed pages. I wish the book had been somewhat richer. But for all that it tells a fantastic lot, and it is suffused with charm.

"A King's Story" falls naturally into two spheres—first, the story of the childhood and onerous education of the Prince of Wales; second, that of the brief reign and abdication. Each sphere is of the utmost fascination.

What a world it was that Edward grew up in!—of Grandfather Edward VII's cures at Marienbad, and how in a fortnight that stout monarch would dissipate with magnificent gusto the benefits of his regime; of letters from his mother, Queen Mary, urging the boy to clean his teeth at night, because a dentist has told her that this is quite important; of his father's stern, righteous, and totally unimaginative efforts to give him a proper education ("The Navy will teach David all he needs to know"); of Kaiser Wilhelm sitting at his desk in Berlin on a saddle; of the funeral of his grandfather attended by no fewer than nine kings; of the shoots at Sandringham, the covey of servants at Balmoral, the miraculous gloomy decorum that distinguished life, if it can be called that, at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle.

The concept of duty was, the Duke writes, an indissoluble part of his inheritance. Here is an excerpt from his diary, written on August 3, 1914, as World War I began:

> I had come in through the garden on account of a dense crowd which was airing its patriotism in front of the Palace. The parents [i.e. King George V and Queen Mary] went out on the balcony just before dinner . . . as fresh masses arrived. They sang and cheered the whole evening. Such a relieving sign to feel that the people are backing everything up. Thank God the govt. have decided that France shall not be deserted. Oh!! God; the whole thing is too big to comprehend!! Oh!! that I had a job.

The reader will search carefully during this poignant account of royal adolescence for traces of the impulse to self-destruction, self-immolation,

—From the book.

The newly-wed Windsors—"the inevitability of Greek drama."

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—Philippe Halsman.

The Windsors today—"the most incandescent love story of the twentieth century."

that led in the end to the confused torture of the abdication. That anybody with such a terrific family feeling—to say nothing of a deeply engraved sense of duty and indisputable patriotism—should have physically, emotionally, been *able* to give up the throne is from the evidence of these pages almost too much to believe.

Why was Edward never able to love any woman who, technically at least, did not belong to someone else? The answer must lie in the iron-*cum*-velvet circumscriptions of his childhood.

As to the abdication itself there are several remarkable contradictions not yet resolved. Mr. Baldwin took a moral position to deny the throne to Edward, but in a way it was the young King who was the true moralist. He gave up the monarchy not just for a woman, but for a wife.

Also, the person of the King was, apparently, so unimportant that the transition from Edward to his brother proceeded with the utmost smoothness; yet the person of the Queen was so important that it cost Edward his throne. The whole case devolved on the fact that Mrs. Simpson was a divorcée. But suppose she had been a widow. Suppose her ex-husband had died the next week. Would the entire fabulous crisis then have been in vain?

"A King's Story," though discreet, reveals much that has never been known before. It gives us a hitherto unpublished memorandum by Mr. Churchill in defense of the King and tells us, astonishingly enough, that Mr. Baldwin himself on one occasion offered to resign and then reneged on the offer. It does not go deeply into the moot point of surreptitious political pressures—whether or not, for instance, the Baldwin camarilla simply used Mrs. Simpson as a pretext for getting rid of a King thought to be too unruly or too "pink." But there is a sharp portrait of the Archbishop of Canterbury as "a noiseless spectre," and it is revealing that Neville Chamberlain became impatient because the crisis might ruin the Christmas trade.

Mrs. Simpson, telephoning from France, tried to get the message through that, no matter what, "Mr. James [the King] was not to step down." This should interest the historians, whether or not they will decide that Edward was, or was not, justified in giving up the throne. And so will the whole book, which has the inevitability of Greek drama and is one of the most moving documents of our time.

Bacillus Bout

I TOOK IT LYING DOWN. By Marian Spitzer. New York: Random House. 247 pp. $2.75.

By William Lindsay Gresham

TUBERCULOSIS, as the author of this very personal memoir points out, used to be mentioned in whispers and was somehow cloaked in an aura of shame. How shame sneaked into the picture is a mystery, since TB never gave a moment's pleasure to anyone. Public discussion of tuberculosis is still a necessity, for, like alcoholism, it has a great ally in ignorance; the message of Miss Spitzer's book is always timely: if you get TB resign yourself to bed rest.

The author is a handsome girl, to judge from the picture on the dust jacket. From this account of her battle with the bacillus we gather that she is a dynamic character, a thoroughly nice person, a loving wife and mother, and an able career woman with a social conscience. Unfortunately, it takes more than these virtues to write an interesting autobiography.

During a number of years spent as a newspaperwoman, publicist, short-story writer, assistant movie producer, and screen writer she drove herself half to death and wound up with that unromantic bedfellow—a spot of "activity" in the apex of one lung.

She took her "cure" at home, assisted by a full-time nurse and a staff of servants. The great hardship, she confesses with perfect frankness and not a little humor, was the conflict between the need for absolute quiet and her compulsive urge to be up-and-doing. As an orientation course in how to adjust to the idea that you have tuberculosis and must take care of it the book is useful—but would have been much better as an article in a woman's magazine. We could do without the crowded details of how people watched over her and Famous Names (all nice people, too) dropped by to cheer her up.

Like many young women with a high polish who scintillate between Hollywood and New York, Marian Spitzer is naive. An earnest account of how she learned to lie still and listen to the radio is really just plain dull. Why anyone thought it worth publishing is another mystery.

Anyhow, at the end of the book the reader learns that after two relapses she finally agreed to take it easy and has had no more tubercular flare-ups. That is, if the reader gets that far.

William Lindsay Gresham is the author of "Limbo Tower," a novel about life in a tuberculosis sanitarium.

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Without a Cherry Tree

MARTHA'S HUSBAND. By Blair Niles. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 307 pp. $4.

By Adrienne Koch

CURRENT interest in the American past has developed in two directions. We are seeing the preparation of comprehensive, scholarly works—such as the editing of the Jefferson Papers and the conscientious biographies of Jefferson by Dumas Malone and of Washington by Douglas Freeman. We are also receiving efforts of another sort, less scholarly but entertainingly written and primarily concentrated on a popular and often personal presentation of great Americans. These books try to make vibrant and bring close the historical personage whose elevation on a pedestal generally robs him of human traits. A recent triumph of this sort was Catherine Drinker Bowen's John Adams. Now Blair Niles offers us George Washington.

Mrs. Niles presents the young George, poorly educated and orphaned at the age of eleven, who makes his way in a colonial world not yet shorn of British aristocracy. He is devoted to his rich half-brother, Lawrence. His great friends are William Fairfax, whose landholdings were fabulous, George Fairfax and wife Sally, the sprightly beauty for whom Washington nourished a lifelong and unconsummated love. The dual nature of Virginia plantation life, implying opulence and gracious living while demanding pioneering qualities and executive management, left its mark on the young man.

His earliest efforts as a surveyor and his first military experiences in the Ohio territory during the French and Indian War are expertly if briefly re-created by Mrs. Niles. They reveal a youth of heroic figure working himself through trial and adversity into a genuine heroic mold. The "character" which so notably belongs to Washington and which made the phrase "the American character" from *his* mouth a believable entity takes shape under the hardships of encounter with hostile Indians, in endless exchanges with the irascible Governor Dinwiddie, and in learning to conquer his adolescent emotional turbulence in the worldly moral environment of the Fairfax family. The "young Washington" that Mr. Freeman intends to cover in three volumes, Mrs. Niles sketches in some 120 pages. Those ordinary Americans who are not scholars or serious students of our history will probably be grateful; the learned will protest.

Washington in his maturity, earning his claim to the title Father of his Country, is also presented with breathtaking brevity but with enough savor of the real experience to stand as a valuable token of that epoch in the General's and in the nation's life. Particularly helpful in understanding Washington's contribution to our victory in the Revolutionary War are the contemporary appraisals, mostly from allied military aides. A thread of agreement runs through the comments of French military men like Lafayette, Rochambeau, and Chastellux and turns up again in the sensible jottings of the Army surgeon Dr. Thacher. Nobility, composure, dignity, justice, personal bravery—the real, if trite, components of the Roman hero.

The relationship between George and Martha as the author portrays it was agreeable and tender; but it lacks sufficient interest or development to justify the title of the book. What makes it more disturbing is the author's hostile appraisal of Martha: "Martha was a constant cheerful comfort, but Martha was always a care. Loyal, industrious, economical, patriotic as she was, Martha was an ineffectual woman without initiative, who had to be looked after." An even more withering blast is that Martha was "obviously incapable of executive planning"—a strange requirement to set for George's wife.

Although this book tells an absorbing story about Washington, it fails to realize his complex personality. One misses particularly the treatment of really important relationships between Washington and Hamilton on the one hand and the great Virginians Madison and Jefferson on the other. Washington was very fond of Hamilton and sought his advice on critical issues, even to the extent of requesting him to help draft the Farewell Address, a fact that Mrs. Niles appears deliberately to repress. Madison and Jefferson are barely mentioned, even though their contribution to Washington's first administration was tremendous and he had frequent meetings, informal consultations, and shared social activities with them.

As a result of her abstraction from political issues Mrs. Niles cannot take the full measure of "the man behind the myth." But she does succeed in presenting an informal portrait of George Washington, a boy without a cherry tree and a man more affectionate than one finds in the Houdon marble bust.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SIMILES

Mary Katharine Reely, of Glen Lake, Minnesota, offers twenty famous similes from well-known poems. The dashes indicate the missing words in the lines. Allowing five points for each line you can complete, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 61.

1. —— —— lonely as a cloud
2. —— —— —— —— as the fairy flax
3. —— as first love
4. —— as remembered kisses —— ——
5. —— —— as a painted ship —— —— —— ——
6. —— as a star —— —— —— —— —— —— —— ——
7. —— —— —— —— like the night
8. Like a glow-worm golden —— —— —— —— ——
9. —— —— —— —— as a marriage bell
10. —— like a winter —— —— —— ——
11. Like as a father —— —— ——
12. —— —— —— like a singing bird
13. Like a diamond —— —— ——
14. —— —— —— like a red, red rose
15. —— —— —— —— like the wolf on the fold
16. —— —— —— —— —— —— like a yellow leaf in autumn
17. —— —— —— —— —— —— like tall and sheeted ghosts
18. —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— lovely as a tree
19. —— —— —— like the snow drift
20. —— as a red haw —— —— or a paw paw —— ——

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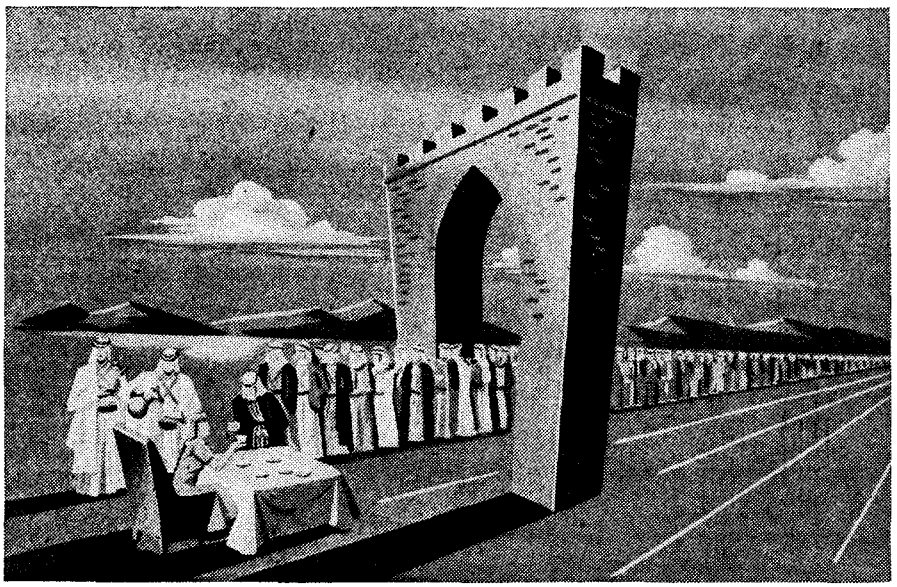

—From the jacket of "I Married an Arab."

Gentle Russian Yesterdays

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE. By Vladimir Nabokov. New York: Harper & Bros. 240 pp. $3.

By Maurice Hindus

VLADIMIR NABOKOV has written a brilliant and moving book. Though it is all autobiographical, it is also the story of a Russian "Nest of Gentle Folks" in the last years of Czarism, complete with a retinue of servants, governesses, tutors, relatives, guests, books—both Russian and foreign, especially English—and all the other patriarchal and cultural features of the opulent homelife of the Russian gentry.

But in the pages of this narrative the reader will find no hint of the melancholy passivity and the exalted futility of Turgeniev's memorable characters. The Nabokovs were no Lavretskys. They were an enlightened and fighting breed of Russians. They loved conversation—what Russian doesn't—but they also loved action. The author's father was one of the most distinguished liberal leaders in pre-Revolutionary Russia. He would rather forfeit his court title and sell his court uniform than fawn on the Czar or even drink a toast to the health of the Little Father. Years later, long after the clash between "fatal poverty and fatalistic wealth" erupted into revolution and the Nabokovs fled abroad, Nabokov senior lost his life while flailing away with his fists at two Russian reactionaries who sought to shoot his old friend Paul Milyukov, the erudite historian.

Something of the father's fighting spirit had communicated itself to the son. Young Vladimir knew his own mind even if his tutors and governesses didn't. A precocious boy, he often managed to outwit his guides and chaperons and indulge his own fancies. More than the average child he lived in two worlds, one of his own creation and the other his elders sought to cultivate for him. Some of the most penetrating and tender pages are devoted to the portrayal of both worlds and the people in them: the author's father and mother, his uncle Ruka, his younger brother, his playmates, his early loves, and his own sensitive and self-confident self. Unforgettable are the portraits of his gentle mother —the only Turgeniev character in the book—and of his understanding but tough-minded father.

The society into which the author was born and in which he spent his childhood and youth is only a memory now. No other Russian writer has re-created it in all its magic and all its perversities as has Vladimir Nabokov. In the light of the society that succeeded it on Lenin's rise to power it looms more like a dream than the reality of yesterday. But the author is not bitter over his lost paradise. He cherishes hearty contempt for Russian exiles who mourn the loss of their worldly possessions. "The nostalgia," he writes, "I have been cherishing all these years is a hypertrophied sense of lost childhood, not sorrow for lost banknotes."

Written in exquisite prose, the book is a delight to read. Indeed, not since Joseph Conrad has a writer of Slav origin shown such a brilliant mastery of the subtleties and beauties of the English language.

Adventurous Ladies

HAREM SCARE'M. By Rosemary Taylor. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 246 pp. $3.

I MARRIED AN ARAB. By Mary Winifred Bushakra. New York: John Day Co. 239 pp. $3.

By Ray Pierre

THERE are Arabs and *Arabs*, as these two books testify. Rosemary Taylor's "Harem Scare'm" describes the Moroccan variety, whose customs and traditions are vastly different from those of the Lebanese in Mrs. Bushakra's "I Married an Arab."

Unlike Mrs. Bushakra's planned adventure, Miss Taylor's excursion to Morocco was a pure and happy accident. Having dredged the comedy out of her mother's Arizona boarding house in "Chicken Every Sunday," she now recollects with equal felicity her cultural *wanderjahr* in the Europe of the Twenties. "A prim and proper young lady . . . definitely not provocative," she set forth on the Madrid express to take a look at the El Grecos and Goyas in the Prado. Nonetheless she provoked, with her Arizona Spanish, a dirty porter on the train and was saved in time's nick by Floyd Gibbons, the war correspondent, who nicknamed her "Wild Bill" and urged her to accompany him to Morocco to cover the Riff War.

As special correspondent for the *Tucson Citizen* she hobnobbed with raffish journalists, Foreign Legionnaires, veiled Mohammedan women, and turbaned men. In Fez a hotel proprietor greeted her with, *"Oh, la journaliste d'Arizona. Guillaume Sauvage!"*; and she embarked on a romance with the British Bank of West Africa in the person of a stuffy young functionary. She helped an American professor gather statistics for a thesis on the French colonial system—in Fez's red-light district. In a lovely Moorish home she indulged in polite repartee with an English-speaking harem wife and her "sisters," and at a Lucullan banquet she was invited by her Moorish host to become his No. 1 concubine and governess to his other wives' children.

Her actual contact with the Riff War was limited to a teeth-rattling ride to the Ouezzane front and to watching a naval encounter from a Spanish battleship. The only woman on board the *Escolano*, she embarrassed all of its sailors and inspired a Madrid journalist to write, "Miss Rosemary at two thousand meters from the enemy's explosions . . .

(*Continued on page* 64)

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Fiction. *From scraps of history covering a good part of the world, including a cast of redoubtable English characters, adventurers, explorers, and statesmen, a father-and-son team of writers, Odell and Willard Shepard, have composed a panoramic and somewhat ponderous novel of a little-known war between England and Spain in 1739, "Jenkins' Ear." It is a fascinating oddity in historical fiction. In "Candles for Thérèse" I. A. R. Wylie presents a novel of suspense and vengeance in a poverty-stricken French village where leaders of the resistance were betrayed by an unknown inhabitant. I. Compton-Burnett's "Darkness and Day," in which an Englishman suspects he has married his own daughter, is reviewed in the form of a dialogue in the style and mood of the author. Hervé Bazin's "Viper in the Fist," a French novel, surveys the gruesome effect on her son of a dominating mother whose cruelty is exaggerated by religious fervor.*

Of Betrayal and Revenge

CANDLES FOR THERESE. By I. A. R. Wylie. New York: Random House. 313 pp. $3.

By MILDRED JORDAN

IN COLORFUL and vigorous prose I. A. R. Wylie has written of a medieval Quercy village decaying after the German invasion of World War II. Ten resistance men of Janrac, hidden in a tomb beneath the church, had been betrayed by one of the villagers and had been brutally murdered by the Germans.

Richard Clyde, whose adored half-brother had been among the victims, comes to the village in secret revenge, determined to find the betrayer. Clyde is half English, half French, an artist (a genius, we are told) and had been befriended as an orphan by a wealthy American family. Julie Fordyce, who is a partner of her father, an art dealer in Paris, is in love with Clyde. He has never admitted to himself his love for her. He has had a tortured, neurotic youth. A young man with a wild Heathcliffe look and rudeness of manner, Clyde is the victim of war as well as his brother, for before Clyde had his real chance to fight the war was over. He writes to Julie: "People who don't fight side by side with their kind have a poison in their system."

In spite of the resentment and suspicion of the villagers he remains in Janrac, ostensibly to paint, and lives at the crumbling inn of M. Ronsard. Thérèse, the innkeeper's daughter, is a simple, lovely girl who has given her vow to Sainte Thérèse to enter the convent when her war-maddened mother eventually shall die. The girl is the only truly happy person in the village, for her faith in her saint and in God is deep. It is natural that Clyde should fall in love with her and that the beauty of her faith should penetrate and heal his bitterness.

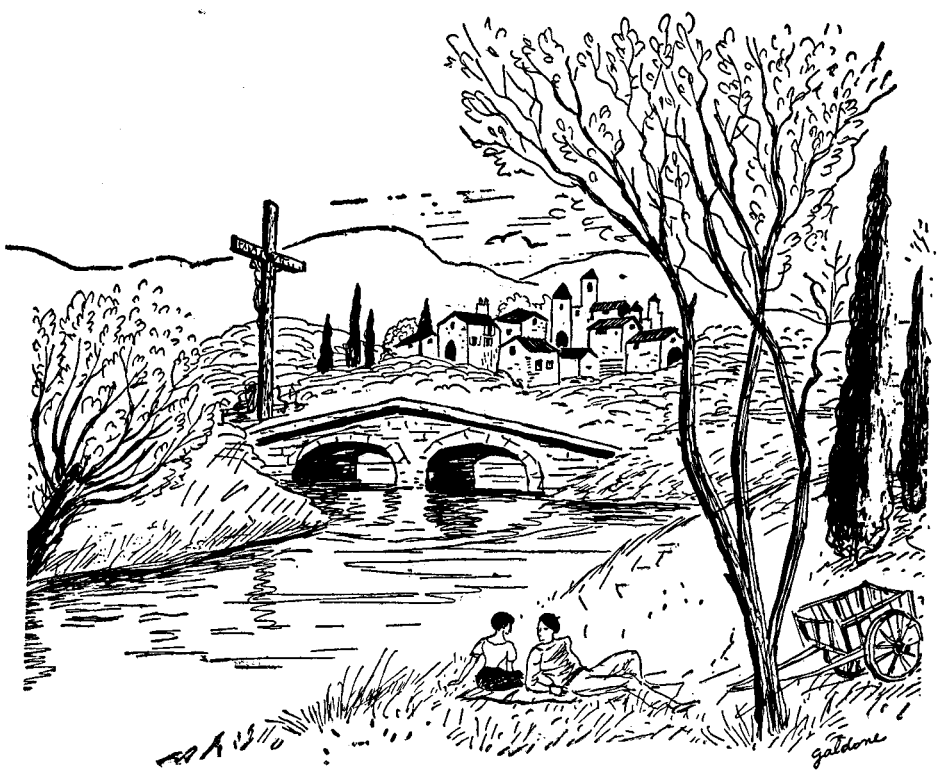
As the weeks wear on Clyde suspects more than one of the villagers of being the betrayer. There is Dr. Constantin, drunken, sloppy, practising illegally. There is the furtive, pasty-faced Charles-Louis de Montour, last of a line of aristocrats, who lives in the moldy mansion above the "place," the house which the village wears "like a battered crown." There is Father Ignatius, with his tragic eyes. All of these men suspect one another of the crime which has eaten the heart out of the village.

There is no sustained point of view in the relation of the story, and this weakens the reader's interest considerably; the story meanders, and Clyde and his purpose are often neglected for minor characters. Actually, the minor characters predominate. The love of Clyde and Thérèse for one another is pale and unconvincing beside the delightfully earthy wisdom of the Reverend Mother Eulalie. Backflashes are given through the letters of Julie and Clyde, an artificial device also used to advance the plot, so that emotions often seem secondhand. The reader feels cheated of the drama implicit in Clyde's coming to the village —his desire for revenge, so fierce when he arrives, peters out instead of increasing. Finally an epidemic of typhoid brings about the revelation of the betrayer, the softening of Clyde's heart, and rebirth to the village.

Miss Wylie can create an impression with few words: "the stones were the gray color of bones that have been picked clean"; "Clyde followed him into the damp, stale-tasting gloom." There are delightful similes and bits of irony. The reader comes upon small maxims that please him: "Money in itself is innocent as the new-born child. We touch it and it becomes whatever we are."

Whatever the shortcomings of this book, there is never a dull page, and there is many an absorbing one.

Mildred Jordan's novels include "Miracle in Brittany" and "One Red Rose Forever."



—From the book jacket.

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Caviar Is Nice

DARKNESS AND DAY. By I. Compton-Burnett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 298 pp. $3.50.

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

WITH a small sigh my wife laid down the book. "One must not swallow this at a gulp," she said. "It must be savored. A little at a time goes a long way."

"And have you gone a long way?" I inquired.

"I have not gone a short way."

"Is there any short way?"

"Perhaps a child could go a short way. But on the way he would emerge from childhood and the way would go on, so it would become long; anyway, a short way is a long way to a child even before he has emerged."

"Did you like the little that made the long way in the book?" I said.

"I have not the learning of wise men," my wife replied, "but I need not be too humble. I have a degree of learning; in fact I have two degrees. So I need not pretend to a non-understanding of the juxtaposition of words and thoughts, insofar as anyone understands the words and thoughts of another."

"That does not answer the question; I used the word 'like.'"

"And what is liking in the case of a book? Is it pleasure obtained from thought, style, characterization, theme? Or is it, perhaps, none of these?"

"I cannot speak from a feminine understanding," I replied. "I am a man."

"That is true." Her eyes met mine frankly. "But insofar as you live my life you lead a woman's life and insofar as I live your life I lead a man's life. Anyway, art is art whether one is a man or a woman."

"Let us then put our hand on this art," I remarked.

"It is not that I have not put my hand on this art. It is that I do not feel I can walk longer just now with my right hand in that of Socrates and my left hand in that of Henry James." She tossed the book to me. "Read it yourself." She drifted from the room.

When I came into the bedroom a few hours later she looked up from her double-crostic. "Did you learn darkness from day?"

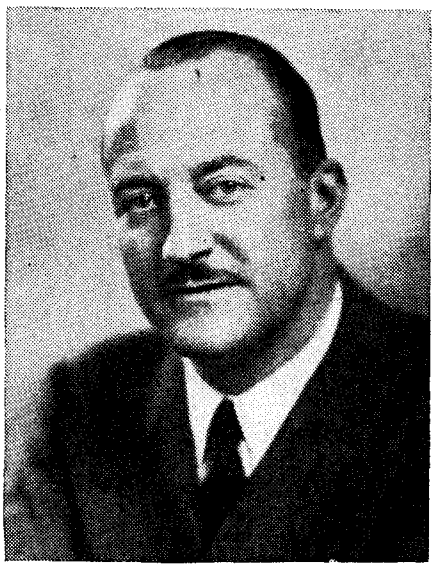
"Darkness is the interval between light," I replied.

She put down her double-crostic. "What I really wonder is about the man Edmund Gaunt."

"He thought he had married his daughter," I explained, "and the story shows the situations that ensued from that belief. This writer's novels are a departure; they do not follow an accustomed path. It is a good thing to meet artful and intelligent departures in writing. It is the next best thing."

—*Alfred A. Knopf.*

I. Compton-Burnett—"piquant talk."



—*New York Times Studio.*

Henry Hazlitt — "never-never land."

"What is the best thing?"

"To meet writing that does not need to make departures."

"Is it, then, a dishonest book?"

"Oh, no," I said quickly. "It is not without honesty of a kind, though of a kind that is not readily assessed. The book is primarily a matter of talk, not real talk but better in some ways than that, because these old British families are superior people, and yet it is not really their talk and they are not quite people either. They are a means of making talk, fascinating, precise, and brilliant talk full of unexpected twisting and turning. It is piquant talk, whetting and whetting the appetite and never appeasing it."

My wife picked up her double-crostic. "What's a synonym for caviar?"

Wonworld — 282 A.M.

THE GREAT IDEA. By Henry Hazlitt. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 374 pp. $3.50.

By C. E. AYRES

THIS is a story of the rediscovery and reinstitution of capitalism after a century or more of worldwide dictatorship of "the proletariat." A note on the dust jacket identifies Mr. Hazlitt's creation with "the great tradition of 'Erewhon,' 'Looking Backward,' and 'Nineteen Eighty-Four.'" But such a comparison is unkind and unfair to Mr. Hazlitt. All those books are concerned with evils, whereas "The Great Idea" seeks rather to display the virtues and beauties of capitalism; and, as everybody knows, the emotions of horror, pity, and contempt are much more accessible to literary stimulation than those of admiration and approval.

Moreover, the beauties which rouse Mr. Hazlitt to ecstasy are highly theoretical. What gives "Nineteen Eighty-Four" its punch is the world's actual experience of dictatorship. The fact of poverty, its squalor and misery, provided Bellamy with his essential truth, as the patent absurdities of Victorianism did for Butler. Evils such as these are matters of common observation and all-too-common experience.

But the object of Mr. Hazlitt's affection is not the capitalism of present-day America or that of any other place and time. It is the never-never land of classical theory, "the great miracle," as Mr. Hazlitt's hero calls it. "Each of these men," he continues, "is 'selfishly' seeking merely his own private profit. And yet, under this new system we have invented, under this private ownership of the means of production, each of these men acts as if he were being led by an invisible hand to produce the things that the whole community most wants, to produce them in the right proportions, and to produce them by the most economical methods." In short, what is being rediscovered is not so much the actuality of capitalism as the philosophy of Adam Smith.

The story opens in Moscow, the capital of Wonworld, in the year 282 A.M. (after Marx). The dying dictator finagles his politically innocent son Peter into the succession. But he is driven out by Bolshekov, the Politburo head, who controls the Army and Navy. Peter goes to America, taking the air force with him and accompanied by Adams, a Politburo American and his one adherent. There he sets up Freeworld and creates his capitalist utopia, and from there he

(*Continued on page 52*)

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
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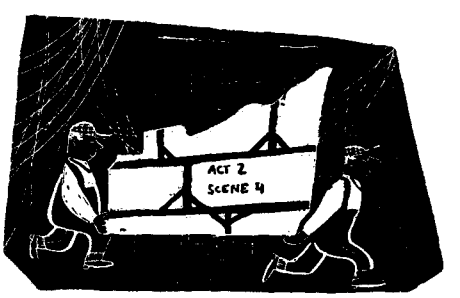
Writers—on Your Toes!

DURING the week of March 12 a new idea came into being when millions of Americans neglected their ordinary affairs to watch in absorbed fascination flickering television screens in living rooms, bars, and clubs. It was immediately apparent that the public, which seems so oblivious to the terrifying connection between crime and politics when it is expressed in newspaper headlines or on the radio, was actually passionately curious about the strange underworld characters who were responsible for the corruption of city officials and police. It was also obvious that television had acquired a new function, that it might be used in the future to give the people a clear view of government itself and of all levels of life in dramatic moments, from an underworld character trapped in a courtroom to debates in the Senate and House under the dome of the Capitol.

All over the country revelations of the Senate investigation into interstate crime were described by excited wives to husbands who had the misfortune to sit at their desks all day. For eight days millions talked of little else than Three-Fingers Brown, Ambassador O'Dwyer, Virginia Hill, Frank Costello, Water Commissioner Moran, Greasy Thumb Guzik, Frank P. Crane, and the rest of the sweating, nervous, or enigmatic members of the cast. Three new heroes, two of them Senators, were elevated to the heights of popularity and fame, New Hampshire's seventy-year-old Charles Tobey, Tennessee's youthful and handsome Estes Kefauver, and Rudolph Halley, a lawyer previously unknown to the public. When nominations for the 1952 elections come around they will not be forgotten.

Many of the commentators in newspaper editorials and weekly magazines discussed the disconcerting aspects of this phenomenon in the art of communications. It was another and final attack on the right of the individual to privacy. Conducted under the shield of Senatorial immunity, which might soon be extended to television itself, it would allow men and women to be libeled by insinuation and association. It permitted what *Life* magazine called "the most outrageous form of commercialism and press agency" when one Senator read into the record a telegram of congratulations which ended with "national sales of our pops-rite brand for home popping are up 112 per cent in the last week. Your TV audience apparently likes to munch popcorn as it hisses the villain. . . ." Television might transform the processes of government and law into public spectacles in which the participants would all be reluctant or eager unpaid actors on a universal and immensely profitable stage.

There were few comments on the fact that the millions who witnessed the investigation or talked about it night and day had no time to read books of any kind. The writers who have asserted that the development of television was not a prospective menace to publishers, since it could never satisfy the intellectual curiosity of people who found entertainment and satisfaction in reading, might well have given a sober second thought to the matter. Were these eight days a warning of what might come, or would the public have been sated with this new form of entertainment if it had continued for a whole month? It is conceivable that in the course of time the faces of Messrs. Greasy Thumb and Three-Fingers or the nervous hands of Mr. Costello might have palled on adults who had other things to think about. Unless this kind of Roman circus could be constantly kept up to the standard of entertainment provided for a brief period by Kefauver & Company it might not continue to hold national audiences, who would weary of this new sensation, give back their television sets to the kiddies, and turn again to their bookshelves or the latest novel from the lending library.



On the other hand, it is fearful to contemplate the significance of the televised creation of popular heroes almost overnight, so that Mr. Kefauver and Mr. Halley have already been mentioned as possible candidates for the Vice Presidency in the next elections. The awesome thought of Senators, Representatives, mayors, judges, and attorneys for the prosecution and the defense handing themselves over to cosmeticians, dentists, and wigmakers in preparation for forthcoming performances is enough to make one shudder. If this should come to pass, and nothing is impossible in these United States, it would finally be necessary to employ expert stage managers and directors for any public show, to rebuild our legislative halls and courtrooms as television stages with seats for audiences who would be told when to applaud, or to move the entire governmental and legal apparatus over to the largest movie theatres, forced to abandon motion pictures as a profiteer's enterprise. Did not Shakespeare write these prophetic lines, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. . . . Seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth"? He even mentioned the judge: "And then the justice, in fair round belly with good capon lined, with eyes severe and beard of formal cut, full of wise saws and modern instances; and so he plays his part."

IT is true that fantasy is in the air these days, but a sober reflection on the latest exploit of television and its relation to our novelists leads one to wonder why this absorbing spectacle of politicians, gangsters, gamblers, wealthy crooks, and dishonest public servants has not been dramatized by our best novelists. What would Dickens have made out of the underworld characters Senator Kefauver dragged into the television cameras' lenses? This fabulously rich material has been left for the banal writers of detective and crime stories, which since Dashiell Hammett left the arena have become so monotonous, repetitive, and inhuman that they are now a good remedy for insomnia. It is time that American novelists looked closely at the drama that lies in their home towns, no further away from them than the city hall, police headquarters, and courts of justice. They can only lose the battle when the books that they write are less absorbing than the show that television is putting on in their neighbors' living rooms. If they choose to despair for the future of our civilization, as many do, let them find the cause for it at home. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Four-Letter Literature

SIR: Harold Fromm, a college freshman, states in his letter "Frank to Excess" [*SRL* Mar. 24] that he "will try by all means" to read "From Here to Eternity" in spite of its four-letter words. Such condescension, I find, is snobbish as well as unrealistic. Can one be frank to excess when dealing with the raw deprivations and commitments of a servant-army?

What is essential for an understanding of James Jones's book is that readers get behind its obscenities and discover the humanity and integrity that are its premise. It is not only essential but *fair* that if youngsters and stay-at-home adults are willing to accept the services of their fighting men so that they may have homes and colleges to remain in, they should then be willing to accept the way those men talk. That they do talk and act as Mr. Jones indicates I, as an overseas veteran of the last war, can vouch.

The difference between Mr. Jones and myself, between him and ten million other service men, is that he was able to extract a profound and wise and deeply tender book out of his experiences.

LEONARD AMSTER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I object to Fromm's method of evaluating literature and to his YMCA-secretary attitude about "what literature is." Mr. Jones's novel is realistic, but the four-letter words are not important. To anyone except a prude they do not jump out from the page. Fromm speaks of the "glorification of vulgarity." Norman Mailer's book is anything but this, and if Fromm were not so obsessed with four-letter words he could see it. He does not think people, Army or no, talk like that. I wonder what will happen when this tender young man is drafted and finds himself among people other than college freshmen?

BILLY N. JOYNER.

Boston, Mass.

SIR: I assume that you printed Harold Fromm's letter as an example of the extremes to which some of your correspondents go when turned loose with a typewriter and a complaint. I think I qualify to answer his letter because, like Mr. Fromm, I, too, am a college freshman. . . . Even if we grant that "obscenity" and "vulgarity" are representative of many people and that our authors are not naughty, there still exists the problem of whether the author has a right to represent what is called "obscenity" and "vulgarity" in his books. The objection to this is concisely stated by Mr. Fromm: "Today's frankness is franker than I care to have it." Certainly today's brutality is more brutal than sensitive authors care to have it; but if an artist is to "see life steadily and see it whole" he must be privileged to reflect in his writing what he sees about him. An author should not be judged by what he chooses to present to his readers but by how well he does it. As long as "obscenity" is treated honestly and not merely as an exercise in pornography its presence is not only justified, but ought to be seen as a completely normal part of the work.

Nobody agrees that obscenity makes a good book, but a person who thinks he can tell the good books from the bad solely by whether or not they contain words and situations which he considers obscene is incapable of judging the merits of a piece of literature; by focusing all his attention on what he considers offensive he makes himself seem obscene. To be angry that life is too frank and brutal is one thing, but to demand that authors who are responsible to themselves and to their readers ignore what they see around them and manufacture a world of escape is ridiculous.

JACK HOCHMAN.

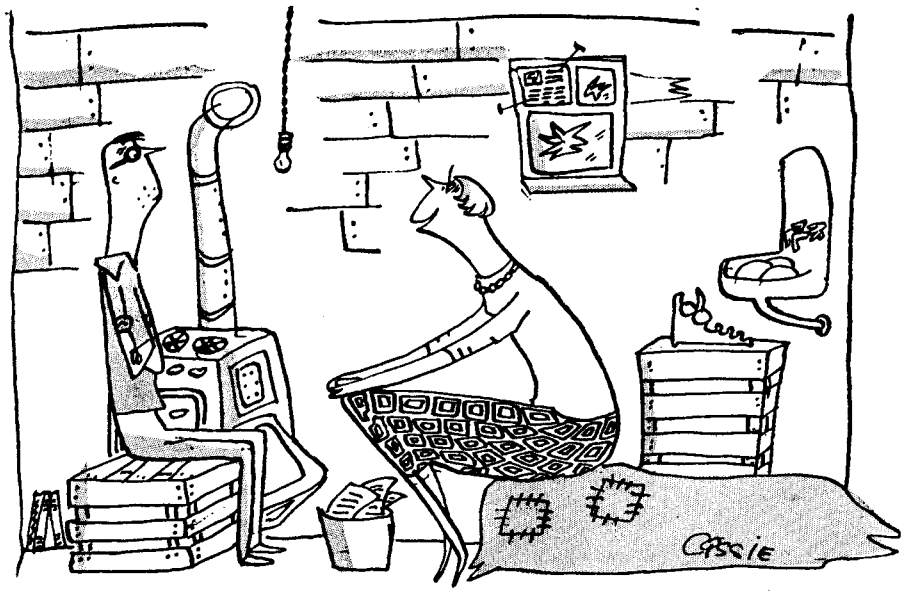
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: I hate to disillusion Harold Fromm more than he has already been disillusioned, but the last sentence of his letter calls for some comment. "I presume," says Mr. Fromm, "that what most people want is literature not pornography."

As far as I've been able to ascertain that presumption is false. After five months of selling current books in a small book store I presume that what *most* people want is either pornography or escape but certainly not anything that remotely resembles literature.

ELISABETH MCLAUGHLIN.

Boston, Mass.



"Wait until I tell my friends that my cousin's a writer and lives in a real garret!"

To Rebuild Munich

SIR: Horace Sutton ["Return to the Reich—Part I," *SRL* Mar. 10] has talked to my old friend Thomas Wimmer, mayor of Munich, a veteran of many struggles against the Nazis as far back as the early 1920's. Wimmer —one of those administrators who makes a sport of having figures at his finger tips—told him that it would take seventy-five million marks annually for fifty years to rebuild Munich. "It is not exactly clear," Mr. Sutton writes, "whether he is indicting the American bombers or deploring the Nazis who started the war." Having revisited Munich last year and having talked to Oberbürgermeister Wimmer a little more extensively than Mr. Sutton seems to have done, I can supply the answer: Mr. Wimmer is deploring the Nazis.

CARL LANDAUER.

Berkeley, Calif.

Spokesman for a Decade

SIR: Concerning the two critical letters questioning F. Scott Fitzgerald's right to be acclaimed the spokesman for his decade [*SRL* Mar. 24], it seems only fair to point out that profundity in the Twenties had not yet attained the profoundness of the Fifties. We were still naive; Freud was still a lark; a pale woman of forty arranging a bowl of nasturtiums was not yet considered the proper subject for a chapter. Sin was very simple; it was committed with real women. As for the common man, he had not yet mounted the barricades and so could hardly be expected to color his age any more effectively than he colored, say, the age of Pericles.

In the Twenties the barricades were down; elevator operators were investing their spare dollars in the Stock Exchange hoping to become millionaires; bootleggers built palaces at Miami Beach and took boxes at the opera; ladies and their escorts took off their clothes and bathed in the Plaza fountain or blew out the eternal flame under the Arc de Triomphe, and "your reporter" Walter Winchell was dishing it out in the *Graphic* to eager millions who took it with their tongues hanging way out with envy.

If Fitzgerald didn't capture this decade and what will characterize it as

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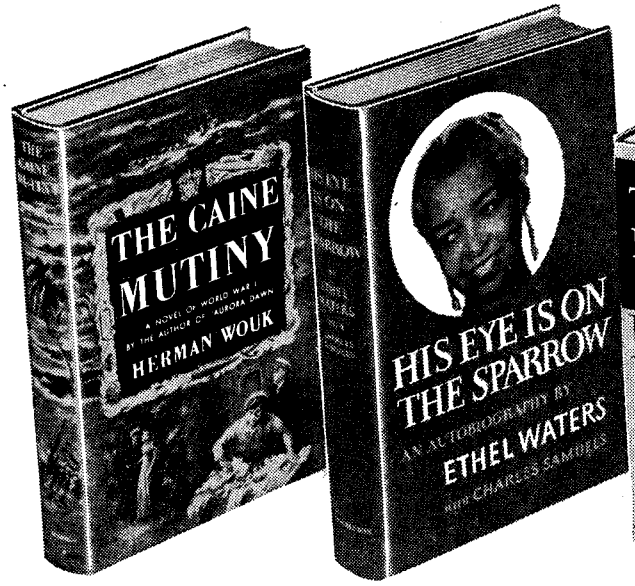

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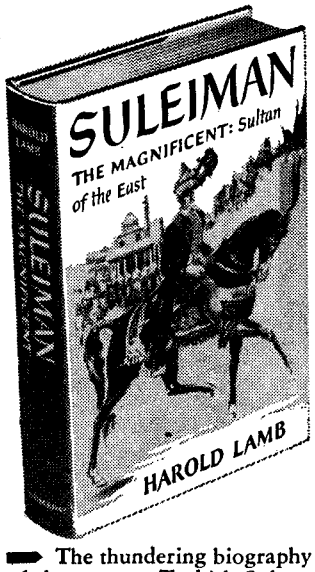

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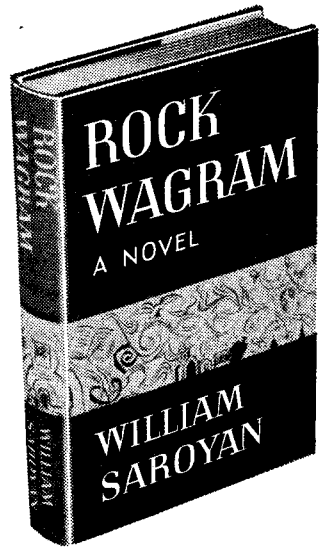

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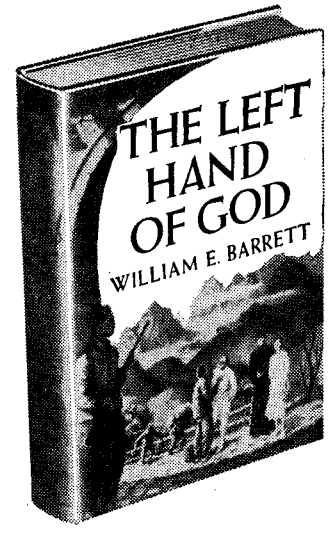

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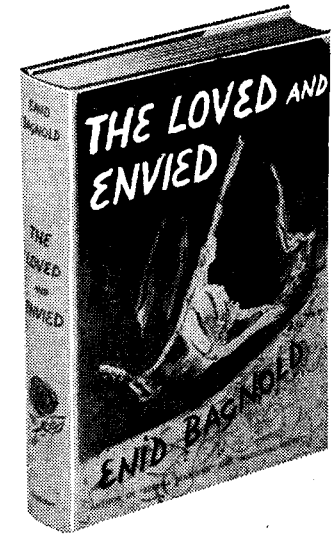

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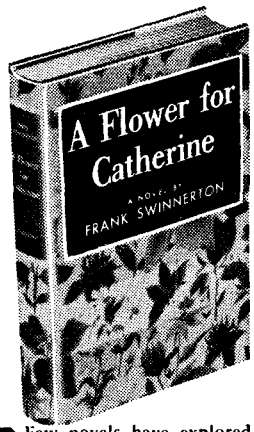

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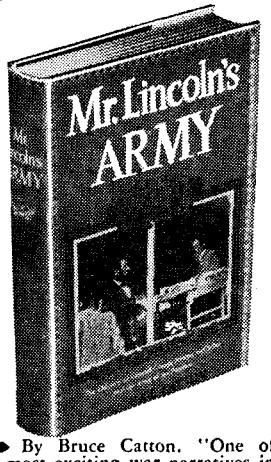

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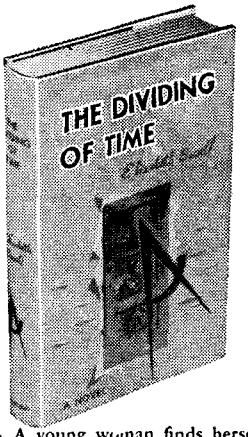

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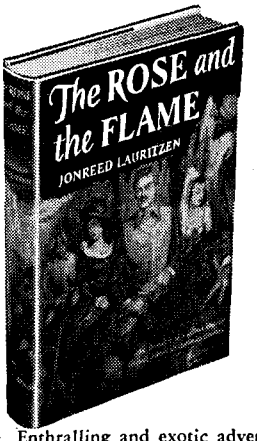

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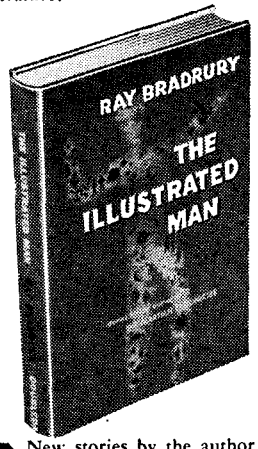

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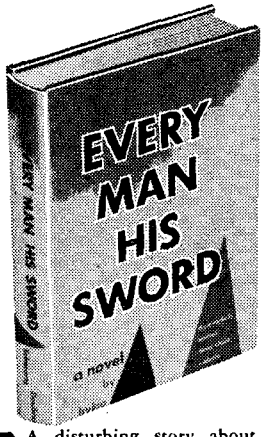

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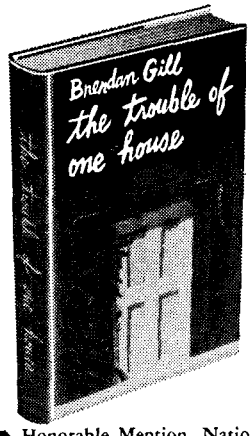

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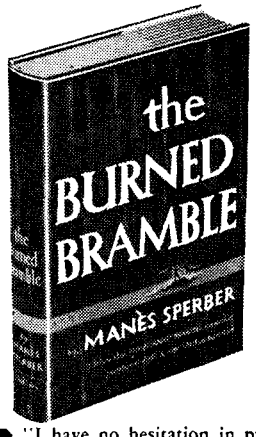

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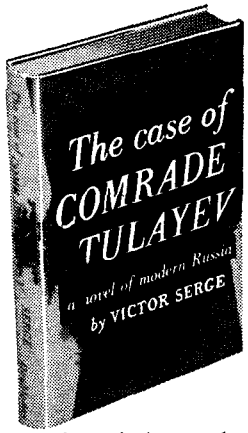

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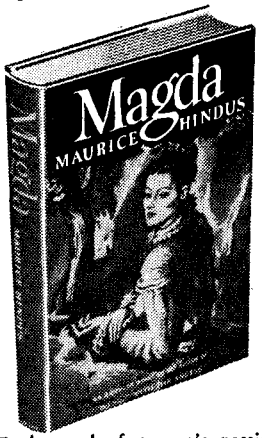

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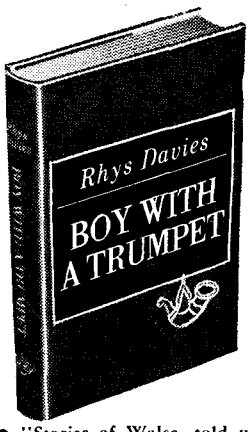

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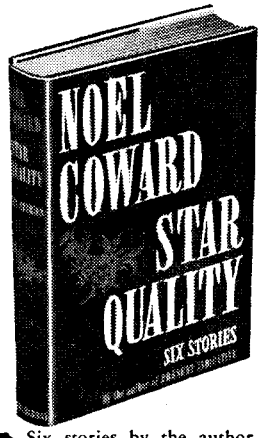

Six stories by the author of *Tonight at 8:30* and *Present Indicative.* "*Star Quality,* a gem of a long short story, could have been written only by Noel Coward . . . He has taken all the bright and soiled bits and pieces that make up the theatre and integrated them into a thoroughly understanding and human narrative."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune* $3.50

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surely as the goings-on in the Roman Colosseum characterized the time of Nero and the Nile barge and the green serpent and Anthony characterized the time of Cleopatra, then what writer did?

ROBERT BRIGHT.

Boston, Mass.

Science and the Essayist

SIR: Why couldn't Professor Krutch in "No Essays, Please!" [*SRL* Mar. 10] ask for the return of the familiar essay without bringing in the contention that science has no business getting mixed up in human nature? That the essay can contribute to our understanding of man is undeniable. However, Professor Krutch sees no use for the objective approach to the study of human nature: "Just how one can profitably consider dispassionately so passionate a creature as man, I do not know . . ." Evidently the outstanding contributions of psychology and the other social sciences—which are entirely based on the objective approach—do not impress him.

He makes a tacit distinction between the essay and objectivity, apparently conceiving of the familiar essay as being a sanctuary where a writer can omnisciently create facts and dissolve obstacles with pen and ink. The essayist of our time would be wise not to let himself be carried away with his passionate desire to solve human problems. It is a pity that with the advance of knowledge one can no longer hold forth glibly on nice, flat general issues concerning human nature, lest his conclusions, arrived at after little objectivity and much passion, look a bit ridiculous from a factual point of view.

Indeed, Professor Krutch must find this disconcerting; he must realize that human nature is no longer entirely within the realm of vague and mystical conjecture.

D. F. RENDINELL.

Cleveland, O.

SIR: Krutch's "No Essays, Please!" was a gem. The barb at the "sanctity of science" and its bastard child "statistics" was well aimed.

G. L. BODINE.

Laramie, Wyo.

SIR: Congrats on the Joseph Wood Krutch article. You've come up the hard way. But you'll be the best magazine in America yet. In fact, I don't know of any better now.

C. H. VAN KRIEDT.

San Francisco, Calif.

An Indictment of Free Enterprise

SIR: I was rather disturbed at Harrison Smith's editorial entitled "Discrimination" [*SRL* Mar. 10].

I am quite sure that he did not mean to create the feeling with your readers that important national magazines are mailed by the post office at 1½¢ per pound, which I am sure he well understands is the rate for editorial matter. Advertising in all publications is charged at a rate as high as 8¢ or 10¢ depending on the zone.

Nevertheless, his editorial did leave the impression that the terrific deficit of the Post Office was to an important extent incurred by the leading national magazines. This is far from the case. A report, which appeared in the March 14 *Wall Street Journal*, of the testimony of Benjamin Bogin, vice president and treasurer of Condé Nast Publications, before the Post Office Committee in Congress states the facts very briefly. *Vogue, House & Garden,* and *Glamour,* which we publish, all more than pay their way—and the Post Office definitely makes an important profit on this tonnage.

Harrison Smith's editorial as it stands is an indictment of the free-enterprise system, suggesting that the Government is subsidizing the mailing of magazines.

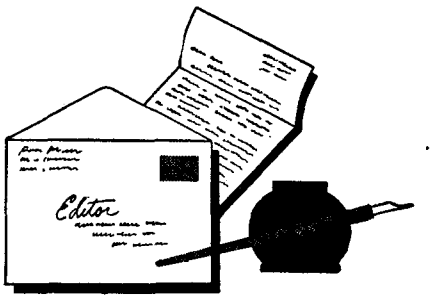
I heartily hope, in view of the circumstances, that you might care to print a retraction, particularly when you realize that, as one example, our three magazines during the year 1949 paid the Government 4.93¢ per magazine and that on the Post Office's own statement the cost per piece for that year was 3.31¢.

FRANK F. SOULE,
Vice-president,
The Condé Nast Publications, Inc.

New York, N. Y.

Dr. Horney's Contribution

SIR: Your readers who rely on Patrick Mullahy's reaction to Karen Horney's "Neurosis and Human



Growth" [*SRL* Feb. 17] may miss a major contribution to man's understanding of man. The book is original, scientific, richly illuminating, and technically useful.

Previously in his "Oedipus: Myth and Complex" Mullahy demonstrated his defective understanding of Horney by a seriously inaccurate exposition of one of her fundamental theories, *i.e.*, "the basic conflict." In his recent review of her latest book Mullahy's personal version of interpersonal theory led him to exaggerate greatly the degree and the importance of her imperfect understanding of that theory. More important, it almost completely blinded him to Dr. Horney's magnificent positive contribution.

HARRY BONE.

New York, N. Y.

Too Many Superlatives

SIR: Justin O'Brien writes of André Gide [*SRL* Mar. 3]: "A defier of convention and emancipator of thought, he stood, despite his contradictions and subtleties, as *the greatest humanist of our times.*" (Italics mine.) But what might equally competent judges in England, Spain, South America, India, Russia, or elsewhere say of a statement like that? Is Mr. O'Brien conversant with the work of all the humanists of note in the present world? Or does he perhaps confine his foreign-language reading, as do so many of our intellectual elite, to French?

Whatever the answers to these questions it is surely in order to insist that there is not at any given time a "greatest" in any field of intellectual endeavor. And if there were, there is not enough wisdom and vision vouchsafed to any one of us mortals to point him out.

There is perhaps no positive moral objection to the ubiquitous claims of supremacy made by the manufacturers of soap, cigarettes, automobiles, and so on. These claims are in a realm of life notoriously careless of regard for abstract truth. And though some people may be influenced by the dazzling superlatives, the knowing world in general merely takes note of the childish exaggerations involved, considers the source, smiles, and goes on its way unharmed. But when we transfer to the spheres of intellect and art assertions that so-and-so is the pre-eminent leader in the wide, wide world, excuse is lacking, and what was fairly innocent in the commercial area now becomes an offense.

A. M. WITHERS.

Athens, W. Va.

Quid pro Quo

SIR: "Extemperaneous speaking has always come far more easily to me than any kind of writing," John T. Winterich quotes H. V. Kaltenborn, in reviewing "Fifty Fabulous Years" [*SRL* Mar. 10].

"Extemporaneous" spelling seems to come easily to Mr. Winterich or to the editors of *SRL*. Actually, I notice, Mr. Kaltenborn did not say either extemperaneous or extemporaneous. He said, "*talking* has always come *much* more easily, etc."

DOROTHY THOMPSON.

New York, N. Y.

Anniversary Contest

SIR: Harrison Smith's editorial [*SRL* Feb. 24] on the seventy-fifth anniversary of the American Library Association discussed the international significance of the year-long observance which has as its theme: The Heritage of the U. S. A. in Times of Crisis.

There is another portion of the anniversary activities in which all readers (because librarians love readers!) can participate. Every reader of *SRL* should be especially interested, so hear ye:

In an anniversary contest with $1,000 in prizes there are two $100 prizes for non-librarian citizens who submit the best statements (2,000 words or less) that illustrate the power of books to influence the lives of men and women young or old. We're looking for frank, personal accounts—full of human experience. What are the books that have most frequently worked magic on the lives of readers? Were they books of fact or fiction? Who were the people influenced? Did this result in an influence that extended to the community?

Entries must be in by May 31, 1951. Further details may be obtained by writing the American Library Association, 50 East Huron Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

RALPH E. ELLSWORTH.

Chicago, Ill.

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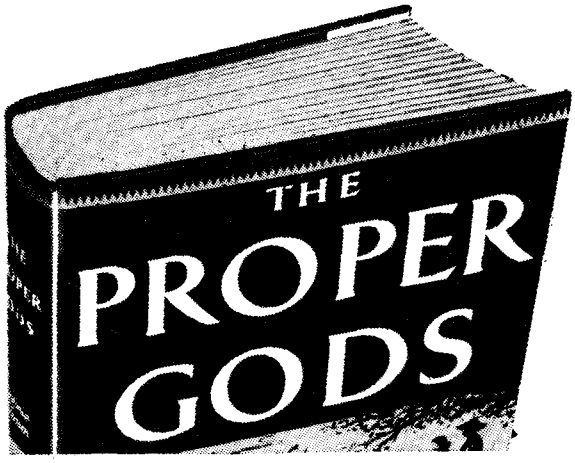

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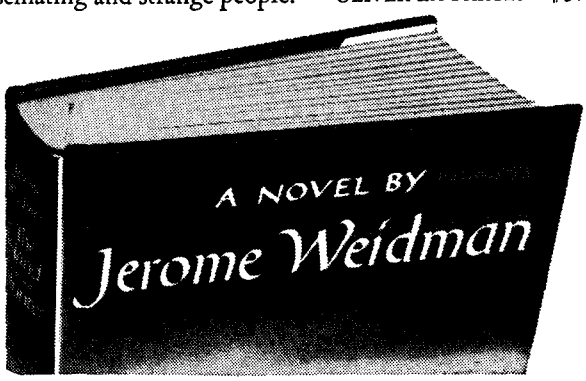

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Life—the Con Game

JOHN LARDNER

THE philosophy or state of mind called sportsmanship, which in all but .001 per cent of the course of human history would have been considered grounds for commitment to an institution, reached its fullest, if not its very first, flowering in England. It's logical that Englishmen, understanding the pathology and bylaws of this psychosis better than anyone else, should be leaders not only in explaining sportsmanship to the rest of the world and to each other ("It's not for the sake of a ribboned coat") but also in kidding it. Saki took a hand in the latter work. It was in one of his stories, I'm pretty sure, that a week-end guest set fire secretly to a lady's bed while the lady was in it and then dumped the blazing bedclothes, inmate, and all across a billiard table, ostensibly for the purpose of giving first aid but really to break off a billiards game on which he stood to lose a large bet.

Stephen Potter, also an Englishman, began to study the seamy side of recreation several years ago and presented his findings in a book.* Gamesmanship, a subtle variation of sportsmanship, calls for strict observance of the written laws of games—and for the thoughtful, consistent violation of ethical laws. Only an author reared in the dialectic of sportsmanship, of course, would assume that ethical laws have any place in games. Only readers baptized in the same ritual could know what Mr. Potter was having fun about, since he did not state the premise. You get some idea of the complexity of sporting morals when you stop to remember that the notion of winning games decently and, for that matter, the notion of winning them at all are merely local conventions. Not long ago after this reviewer had commented fearlessly (I forget from what point of view) on the throwing of basketball games in New York a scholar wrote me a letter asking whether there was any rule in the books requiring men to win basketball games—or anything else. He nonplused me.

Mr. Potter, having defined gamesmanship and illustrated its application in lawn tennis, golf, billiards, squash, darts, bridge, cricket, and other polite games (the purity of his satire lay in the fact that he dealt with polite games as played by polite people), recently extended his gambit to cover life in general, in another book.* If the subtitle sounds coy to American readers, set it down to the growing pains of trans-Atlantic brotherhood. What the author means by lifemanship is something that the late W. C. Fields spent his entire career in demonstrating. (Fields, now that I think of it, in his ruthless pool games on stage and screen also foreshadowed gamesmanship.) Lifemanship is the science or art of overreaching; it is human relations considered as a well-mannered con game. A novelist who sells his books through carefully arranged personal publicity is a lifeman in Mr. Potter's view. So is the man who can dominate a conversation without knowing anything about the subject. So is the patient who can turn the tables on his psychoanalyst. Among the subdivisions of lifemanship are newstatesmanship, dancingship, lowbrowmanship, and geniusship. Of geniusship Mr. Potter writes:

—From the jacket of "Lifemanship."

> This includes limpmanship, being the son of a tinker, importance of mother, unimportance of father, being different from other boys and wandering off alone in fields with a book, being like other boys only more so, leaving weaker work till later, showing kindliness, good will, and understanding of others, being absolutely impossible.

It would be misleading if I failed to report that Mr. Potter's joke lasts a little too long. He shows a weakness in the field of what he himself might call Ringing Down the Curtainship. This is a weakness shared by nearly all comedians who have a certain amount of space or radio or television time to fill. (Mr. Potter filled space in *Punch* and other magazines with his gamesmanship-lifemanship patter before he collected it in his two books, which now represent a running gag about two hundred and fifty pages long.) I've heard it said that an Englishman never knows when to end a joke. That is a nationalist libel as silly as the one that says that an Irishman never knows when to go home (the Algonquins and Iroquois were saying the same thing about white men in general three hundred years ago). It's perhaps truer to say that, while nearly all parodies and other comic routines are over-padded, Englishmen, as far as the writing of such things goes, execute them more deftly and gracefully and with a surer sense of style than most people do.

MR. POTTER'S books carry the familiar trimmings of "humor" books — facetious pictures and diagrams, footnotes and appendices—but he is a writer of wit and delicacy and in the central text he manages to sustain his brittle jest well beyond normal time limits. If his "Gamesmanship" is considerably funnier than his "Lifemanship" it's only partly because gags grow thinner the more they are milked. There is also the fact that the idea of sportsmanship and jokes about sportsmanship have some significance in connection with games. In other branches of life it is not funny —because it is not in the least unusual —for human beings to spend their waking hours trying first to throw guff in one another's eyes and then to cut one another's throats with knives dull or sharp. Presumably because he found his particular whimsy losing its point when he applied it to such topics as higher education and the mating instinct, Mr. Potter has reverted in the latter part of "Lifemanship" to games.

There is nothing sugary, though there is often something a bit arch, in Mr. Potter's treatment of sportsmanship in games. At a stage in the history of mankind when American tennis players pause in their work to hurl epithets at Australian spectators, when British boxers lose championships when they are hit on the jaw and win championships when they are hit in the region of the navel, when basketball players score as many fouls as points, and when international prejudice raises its head in a frostbitten fetish called slalom it is time not to bury the institution of sportsmanship, God forbid, but to take a close look at the state of its health.

John Lardner, columnist for Newsweek, *is author of "It Beats Working."*

**The Theory and Practice of GAMESMANSHIP or The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating. By Stephen Potter. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 128 pp. $2.50.*

**LIFEMANSHIP or The Art of Getting Away with It Without Being an Absolute Plonk. Henry Holt & Co. 120 pp. $2.50.*

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The World. *Soviet Communism, unhappily the most dynamic force at work in the world today, is approached through markedly different and rewarding avenues in three books we review this week. Since the war Robert Payne has come to be regarded as one of the best informed and certainly the most prolific writers on Asia. His third book in a year, meriting a place beside his "Mao Tse-tung: Ruler of Red China," is another study of Communism's advance in the Far East, "Red Storm Over Asia" (see below). Intriguing because it discloses many similarities between Czarist and Communist Russia is the Marquis de Custine's century-old travelogue just republished as "Journey for Our Time"; but, as George Fischer observes on page 42, it should be read critically. The now-familiar case of the intellectual bedazzled by Communism's illusions is investigated further in Hede Massing's autobiographical "This Deception" (page 56).*

Drops of Scalding Rain

RED STORM OVER ASIA. By Robert Payne. New York: The Macmillan Co. 309 pp. $5.

By HALLETT ABEND

IN A VIVIDLY phrased introduction Robert Payne explains the title to his new book on events in the Far East by declaring that the map of Asia today shows "a vast red thundercloud, from which a few drops of scalding rain are descending. There are drops in India and Pakistan, in Iran, in Burma and Malaya; there are large splashes in the Philippines and in Indo-China."

In that same introduction the author also admits that his prejudices were "very strong" and that they were concerned with "the students, the peasants, and the soldiers, who between them constitute 90 per cent of the Asiatic population."

Despite these admitted prejudices Mr. Payne has written a well-balanced and cogent book and one that must be of deep interest to students of Asiatic affairs. In general his estimates of the revolutionary trends, the social and economic stresses, the importance of nationalistic feeling, and the scope of hatred of the Western world are entirely sound, but he seems to err in his estimate of the extent of general information on world affairs that exists amongst Asia's hundreds of millions of illiterates and he surely overestimates what he terms to be the practical unanimity of desires and sentiments amongst Asiatics. If this unity and cohesion actually existed both Communism and the West would be quickly swept into limbo.

The only valid role for the United States to play in the great convulsion in which Asia is now writhing, as Mr. Payne sees it, is for Washington to align itself with the "social revolution" which he now sees in progress. He favors an "American Manifesto to the Nations of Asia" promising a relief program for Asia equivalent to the Marshall Plan aid given to Europe, the immediate admission to the United States of "unprecedentedly large numbers of Asiatic apprentices and students," and even aid to Communism when it differs from Russian Communism. This is a very large order! Page the House of Representatives, the Senate, and the White House!

Mr. Payne is on firm ground, however, when he declares that the restless peasants and soldiers of Asian countries will never again assent to corrupt governments backed by foreign arms. He insists correctly that "the dark shapes" of Bao Dai in Indo-China, of Syngman Rhee in Korea, of Quirino in the Philippines, and of Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa have nothing to offer to the average East Asian. And these are the men, unhappily, now being backed by the State Department and by American money, munitions, and even by our fighting men.

Unfortunately, there are palpable errors in this thoughtful book, and in several places proffered judgments have been negatived by the trend of events since the last pages were written. For instance, the author says that there "is no reason to believe" that Chiang Kai-shek would be well received by the Chinese people if he should return to the mainland. Yet recent accumulating Communist excesses have undoubtedly greatly changed popular opinion, at least in South China, and it is possible that great multitudes formerly hostile or indifferent toward the Generalissimo would now welcome a re-establishment of his authority. Mr. Payne also says that Mao Tse-tung's Communist regime in China has been marked by "the absence of internal feuds, treason trials, and heresy hunts." Yet recent and authentic news reports from China are filled with accounts of shocking mass executions, treason trials that are a mockery of justice, and the rapid spread of witch-hunting.

The book contains a generally excellent background chapter on Korea, which unluckily is marred by errors in historical sequence, such as listing the Japanese victory over Russia as having occurred in 1904 instead of in 1905. Mr. Payne is correct, however, in insisting that one of the main desires of the Korean people for many decades has been for *unity* and he is unsparing in his denunciation of the Yalta decision that the country was to be divided at the thirty-eighth parallel. "The passion for unification was ingrown," he correctly states.

When he comes to consideration of the outbreak of active hostilities in Korea in June of last year. Mr. Payne amazes his readers by his declaration that "all sides in the conflict were guilty of astounding crimes," and he insists that North Korea, South Korea, the Soviet Union, and the United States were all equally to blame for the outbreak of war. "The resort to arms was a measure of the failure not of one but of all," he writes.

The book as a whole constitutes a timely and penetrating analysis of the situation in much of Asia. The chapters on Indo-China, Indonesia, the Philippines, India, and Burma are particularly informing. And Mr. Payne's brief but vivid summary of how the Communist triumph in China came about is an excellent piece of clear and informative writing.

Hallett Abend, who was a newspaper correspondent in the Far East for fifteen years, is author of "Chaos in Asia" and "Japan Unmasked."

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For Humanity

WARRIOR WITHOUT WEAPONS. By Marcel Junod. New York: The Macmillan Co. 283 pp. $4.

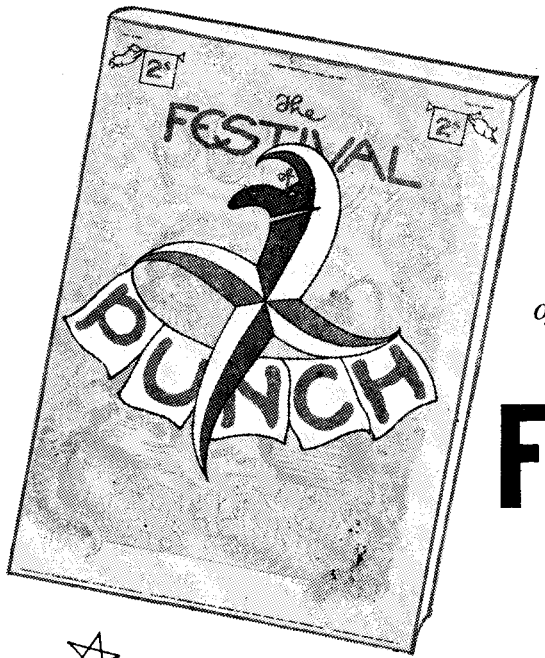
By FOSTER RHEA DULLES

DR. MARCEL JUNOD, citizen of Switzerland, has written an absorbing account of the experiences of an International Red Cross delegate in seeking to provide wartime relief during the momentous years from 1935 through 1945. His successive missions took him to Abyssinia and Spain, to Poland, Germany, and Greece, and finally to Hiroshima. His moving story is told modestly and straightforwardly but it is suffused with a warm humanitarian feeling that graphically reveals the author's spirit of dedication and that of the organization which he represented.

The role of the International Red Cross differs from that of the various national Red Cross societies in that it is in no way concerned with the welfare or morale of the men enlisted in national armies. True to the original concept of Red Cross, the International Committee maintains an absolute neutrality, and its sole interest is in doing what can be done to assure that relief is afforded the wounded of all countries, the refugees from war's devastation, and, perhaps most importantly, prisoners of war. It is a small organization—there were only 150 delegates at the height of the war—and the only organization in the world that in a period of global conflict rises above the ties of nationality to compensate as best it may for man's inhumanity to man.

Dr. Junod makes no attempt to tell the whole wartime story of the International Red Cross. These are his personal experiences, at times vivid and exciting, always terribly moving. He has written a war book but not a book of campaigns and battles, of victories and defeats. It is all the tragic backwash of war that he reveals to us in poignant descriptions of the conditions in hospitals, refugee centers, and prison camps.

In Abyssinia he saw firsthand evidence of the ruthless attacks on Red Cross hospitals by Mussolini's bombers and narrowly escaped death himself in his efforts to give some aid to the helpless victims of Italian conquest. "The International Red Cross would have done better not to interfere," Marshal Badoglio told him. Dr. Junod comments laconically, "I made no reply." During the Spanish Civil War his incredibly difficult task was an attempt to secure the exchange of hostages (one of whom was Arthur Koestler) who were being held by



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both the Falangists and the Loyalists.

When European war broke out in 1939 his first mission was to inspect the prisoner-of-war and internee camps in Poland, and somewhat later he investigated conditions among the French prisoners held in Germany. Arrested by the Gestapo on the latter occasion, Dr. Junod tells an exciting story of how he managed to secure a hearing and convince his captors that as an International Red Cross delegate he had never violated the neutrality that it was his first duty to maintain.

His experiences in the refugee camps in Greece, where thousands of men, women, and children were dying for want of the barest necessities, provide a vivid section of his book; but perhaps the most moving story of all and the most amazing describes a visit to a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp in Manchuria. After an adventurous journey across Siberia Dr. Junod reached Manchuria in the final days of the war, and there he moved heaven and earth trying to find out what had happened to the American, British, and Dutch captured in 1941 and 1942. Japan was not a party to the Geneva Convention and had generally blocked all efforts of the International Red Cross to visit prison camps, but Dr. Junod finally succeeded in obtaining access to the one where General Wainwright was being held. After a journey of six thousand miles, however, he was permitted by the Japanese to ask General Wainwright only three questions and was bound on his honor not to express by word or gesture any sympathy—not even say "good morning"—to the other inmates of the camp. Further efforts to break through these rigid controls became unnecessary—for on that very day, August 6, 1945, the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima.

There is no question where Dr. Junod's sympathies lay as he confronted the arrogance, and often the brutality, of Italian, German, and Japanese officials, but on his patience and forbearance depended the neutral status of the International Red Cross. Had he given in to his feelings his mission would have become impossible, and it is obvious throughout his story that he kept himself always under the tightest restraint.

This is a fascinating, well-written book. If it reveals how pitifully little could be done by the International Red Cross, it also shows that such men as Dr. Junod made every accomplishment, no matter how limited, eminently worthwhile.

Foster Rhea Dulles, professor of history at Ohio State University, is the author of "The American Red Cross: A History" and other books.

Russian Visit—1839

JOURNEY FOR OUR TIME. By the Marquis de Custine. Translated by Phyllis Penn Kohler. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 338 *pp.* $4.

By George Fischer

OUR "Russian experts" do not tire in denying the famed Churchillian dictum on the enigmatic nature of the Soviet regime. Yet the fact remains that the outside world continues to be endlessly and painfully perplexed about Stalin's Russia. It is with this in mind that the present book must be approached rather than as history—for the exacting historian could find much that is both superficial and inexact in this colorful, at times brilliant, four-month travelogue of 1839, through the Russia of Czar Nicholas I.

How can a travelogue of a century past add to an understanding of the present-day Soviet empire—especially when the factual details are admittedly shaky? The answer is that this republication of Custine's once famous work furthers just such understanding, much as it took George Orwell's nightmarish excursion into the future — "Nineteen Eighty-Four" — to lend reality and meaning to some equally nightmarish aspects of the Land of Socialism. While the "Russian expert," scholar or journalist, has yet to dispel the worldwide mystification on the USSR, Custine's projection into the past, like that of Orwell into the future, adds ever relevant insights and shadings to the outsider's hazy perception of existence behind the Iron Curtain.

Marquis Astolphe de Custine first published his travelogue in Paris in 1843 under the title "Russia in 1839." A condensation appeared in the United States eleven years later, but the present American translation of some 300 pages is based on the revised French edition of 1846, a four-volume work of about 1,600 pages.

In "Journey for Our Time" Custine, a writer whose father and grandfather had been guillotined in the French Revolution, confesses, "I went to Russia in search of arguments against representative government. I returned from Russia a partisan of constitutions." And most notable, as well as suggestive for our own perplexities, is the impact of Czarist Russia on this profoundly civilized, albeit Tory, offspring of France, as Custine perceives and records not the details but the essence of what in those far-off days appeared as the extreme of despotism and the resulting suffering, shabbiness, hypocrisy, and inhumanity of the Russia of Nicholas I.

—By Doré, from "Histoire de la Sainte Russe" (1854).

Newcomers to Russia, like M. Custine, found that the walls had ears.

With his eye not on minutiae but on the fundamental aspects of autocratic government, Custine from the moment he enters Russia is struck by features which among recent visitors to the USSR evoke similar observations and conclusions. It is this array of similarities between two despotisms so noticeable in the latest Custine reissue—which admittedly excludes parts "without general interest or present-day consequence" — that has made Custine of late a well-nigh official American vogue. Thus "Journey for Our Time" is translated by the wife of Foy Kohler, who as chief of the International Broadcasting Division of the U. S. State Department heads the Voice of America program. The book features an enthusiastic introduction by General Walter Bedell Smith, presently director of the Central Intelligence Agency and before that U. S. Ambassador to Moscow.

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His closest associate there, the subsequently much-discussed counselor of the State Department, George F. Kennan, also indorses the book.

The striking parallels between Custine's observations and experiences in Russia and those of "Beedle" Smith, Kennan, and Mrs. Kohler well explain their enthusiasm for "Journey for Our Time." But the current vogue for Custine, and especially its quasi-official character, involves one danger—a danger far greater than the many insights provided by Custine's travelogue. This is the fact that comparisons between Nicholas I and Stalin may spread and harden into a (wholly false) conviction that Russia has always been equally despotic and can therefore hardly be expected to be anything else.

As an example of this danger *Life* headed a recent digest of "Journey for Our Tme" with the unmistakable theme "Like Czars, Like Commissars." General Walter Bedell Smith was guilty of this in his best-selling "My Three Years in Moscow,"[2] and his introduction to "Journey for Our Time" contains the categorical statement that "a change in nomenclature has not altered the character of Russia's rulers or of its institutions." The historical fallacy of the statement is shown by Smith himself. Custine, he says, "could not, of course, foresee the magnificent flowering of Russian culture and political philosophy, then

(*Continued on page* 56)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 408

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 408 will be found in the next issue.

BGCK AKCFGMF, GM HDK

PDGOK, LCK DXBEXQQKW

EZ EKONKSNMQ NM

MGHDNMQ HDLM EZ

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Seeing Things

ANOTHER ENCHANTED EVENING

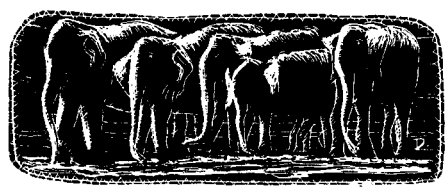
THEY have done it again. Since "they" happen to be Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, this is exciting news. What makes it the more exciting is that once again they have struck out in a new direction. Instead of trying in "The King and I"* to write another "South Pacific" or another "Carousel" or "Oklahoma!" they have written a musical as different from them as each of these was from the other.

This, of course, is as it should be but as it seldom is. Most toilers in the theatre are victimized by their past successes. If lucky enough to have found a formula that works, they use it over and over. The simple, perhaps the very human truth is that fear of failure can make cowards of those who have tasted success. Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hammerstein, however, are exceptions. Although they have had—and deserved—successes which can only be described as triumphs, they have never been intimidated by them.

This raises an often ignored point about their extraordinary career as collaborators. The stage's experimentalists are commonly thought of as bright-eyed idealists who are happy to work for little in short-lived productions in small theatres safely removed from Broadway. The less they think of the box office the more they are supposed to think of their art. Meritorious failures are among their expectations and add prestige, if not luster, to their names.

But in this respect, as in many another, Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hammerstein are different. There is nothing long-haired or lily-clasping about them. Without talking about art they create it. They are professional Broadway show people who not only know their business but know it is a business. Their interest in their weekly grosses is realistic and hard-boiled. A coterie is not their idea of an audience. They frankly want to write hits, and hits are what they generally do write. Yet, in spite of being practical men blessed with the Midas touch, they are genuine experimentalists. Although their natural hope may be that others will like what they do, perhaps the real secret of their success is that they do what they themselves like in such a way that most often a huge public finds it impossible not to like it too. Regardless of the enormous investment each of their musicals represents, they are forever trying new things. Indeed, their courage is equaled only by their sagacity, taste, and skill.

All these qualities which distinguish Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hammerstein lend distinction to "The King and I" and combine to make it the enchanting adventure in theatregoing that it is. Before touching upon the evening's charms, however, let me point out some of the proofs it supplies of its authors' adventurousness. First among these count the very fact that they decided to make a musical play from "Anna and the King of Siam." For the problems were sizable which they had to solve, and have managed to solve brilliantly, in bringing to the stage that long and leisurely book by Margaret Landon in which she told of the liberalizing changes effected in the early 1860's when an English widow came to serve as governess to the innumerable children of a semi-barbaric Siamese despot.



Quite aside from such all-important matters as the selection of materials fitted to the needs of a swift-moving and simplified dramatization or the extent to which the music and atmosphere should be authentically Oriental, there were other difficulties to be met. Most musicals depend for their appeal upon love stories which end happily and in which the lovers, however thwarted, are admittedly in love. But Anna and the King are in love without knowing it or, worse still, showing it. Moreover, the King dies. And the historical Anna, though forceful, was more noteworthy for her earnestness than her glamour.

Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hammerstein, however, are as ingenious as they are intrepid. Realizing they had a good story to tell, they wisely disregarded the conventions of musical comedy and relied on the story's interest and their own abilities to make it satisfying and effective. Neither their boldness nor their acumen stopped there. For their Anna they chose Gertrude Lawrence, a glittering and buoyant performer, who seemed to some of us in advance a precarious, if not a wrong, choice because of her very luster, vitality, and sophistication. Then they entrusted the pivotal task of staging "The King and I" to John van Druten, who, though noted for the skill with which he has directed plays, had had no previous experience with a musical. Each of these decisions was hazardous. Each involved a definite risk. Yet all of them, as is now apparent, were wonderfully right.

Good taste, the kind of perfect taste which characterizes the staging, the dancing, the performances, the settings, the costumes, and the writing of both the music and the book of "The King and I," is one of the most uncommon attributes. One of the most delightful, too. It is a matter of control, of knowing when to stop, of refusing to allow tenderness to sink into sentimentality, and of realizing that beauty cannot be purchased by mere opulence. It is the product of informed sensibilities and expresses itself in a thousand ways—in the colors and lines of a costume or a setting, in the phrasing of a speech, in the grouping of a scene, in the unfolding of a narrative, or in the happy blending of all these elements. It reveals itself as much by what is left out as by what is put in. It is no pallid or negative virtue. Certainly it is not as displayed by Mr. Rodgers, Mr. Hammerstein, and their co-workers. Instead, it is a positive and vital contributor to pleasure. And not in years has it been more blessedly present in any musical than in "The King and I."

ALTHOUGH Mr. Rodgers may have produced lovelier tunes in the past and Mr. Hammerstein may have written catchier lyrics, the two of them have never worked together more skilfully as master showmen or offered a production warmer in its feelings or more beguiling in its beauties. I, for one, wish that at least seven of the King's and the Prince's countless repetitions of "etcetera and etcetera" for comic purposes could be removed. I must admit, too, that I found the soliloquy a little long in which Miss Lawrence rehearses all the things she would like to say to

*THE KING AND I, a new musical play with music by Richard Rodgers, book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd. Based on Margaret Landon's novel, "Anna and the King of Siam." Directed by John van Druten. Settings by Jo Mielziner. Costumes by Irene Sharaff. Choreography by Jerome Robbins. Orchestrations by Robert Russell Bennett. Presented by Rodgers and Hammerstein. With a cast including Gertrude Lawrence, Yul Brynner, Dorothy Sarnoff, Doretta Morrow, John Juliano, Robin Craven, Larry Douglas, Johnny Stewart, Sandy Kennedy, etc. At the St. James Theatre, New York City. Opened March 29, 1951.

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the King. But there my quibbling comes to an abrupt end.

The reasons for my admiration are many and various. Among them permit me, in that hideous and un-Homeric "catalogue of the ships" which every reduction of a musical to a review represents, to enumerate the following. I thoroughly enjoyed such songs as "I Whistle a Happy Tune," "Hello, Young Lovers!," "Getting to Know You," and "Shall We Dance?" I delighted, as who could fail to, in the look, feel, and texture of the production; in the colorful excellence and yet the restraint of Jo Mielziner's Bangkok settings; and in the seductive loveliness and imagination of Irene Sharaff's costumes. Mr. van Druten's direction, so sure and quietly inventive in its touch, also commands respect. And so do the performances given by John Juliano as the Prime Minister; Larry Douglas and Doretta Morrow as the ill-fated secondary lovers; Dorothy Sarnoff as one of the King's wives; Johnny Stewart as the boy Prince; and Sandy Kennedy as Miss Lawrence's young son.

Let me quickly add that there are moments in "The King and I" which I shall always treasure. These include the irresistible innocence and delicacy of the scene in which the King's children are presented to Anna; the charm of the geography lesson; the joyous grace of Miss Lawrence's polka number; and the dignity with which the King's death is written and staged. Above all, I shall cherish the memory of Jerome Robbins's ballet, "The Small

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with
YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF • DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
ST. JAMES THEA., West 44th St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

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South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
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Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
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CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
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A new play by
Tennessee Williams
Directed by DANIEL MANN
with MAUREEN STAPLETON
ELI WALLACH
Setting designed by BORIS ARONSON
Costumes designed by ROSE BOGDANOFF
Incidental Music by DAVID DIAMOND
Lighting by CHARLES ELSON
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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House of Uncle Thomas," in which Harriet Beecher Stowe's classic about slavery is pantomimed in the stylized terms of Siamese dancing. Surely this is creation, pure and inspired and utterly captivating.

I doubt if a more ideal King could have been found than Yul Brynner. He is the complete Oriental autocrat; a half-civilized monarch, gruff, rough, and accustomed to immediate and unquestioning obedience. He radiates a sense of power. Yet underneath the mask-like exterior of the tyrant Mr. Brynner manages to suggest the human quality and the appeal of the submerged man.

As for Miss Lawrence, those of us who thought she would be wrong or wasted as Anna were, as I have indicated, wrong ourselves. The best analysis of Miss Lawrence's sparkling and kaleidoscopic gifts I have read is in Noel Coward's "Present Indicative." "On the stage," wrote he, "she is potentially capable of anything and everything. She can be gay, sad, witty, tragic, funny, and touching. She can play a scene one night with perfect subtlety and restraint, and the next with such obviousness and overemphasis that your senses reel. She has, in abundance, every theatrical essential but one: critical faculty. . . . But for this tantalizing lack of discrimination she could, I believe, be the greatest actress alive in the theatre today."

This was written in 1937 by one who had the right to say, "I know her well, better, I believe, than most people." If my hope is that Mr. Coward will see Miss Lawrence in "The King and I," my suspicion is that he will be amazed by her performance and delighted by it. Beyond question on the first night it was beautifully disciplined and controlled. The exuberant Miss Lawrence, the soignée or rowdy enchantress of the old days, the effervescent Gertie, the veritable Catherine wheel of comedy and song—all of these have, for the moment, gone underground to be replaced by a new Miss Lawrence.

Her incredible grace remains with her as she moves about in her great hoopskirts. So do her glamour, her beauty, and her charm. But this time she is never misled by them into forgetting the character she is creating. If as a person she is more colorful by far than the somewhat grayish governess of Miss Landon's book, this is as it should and must be. Even so, her Anna has the dignity that comes from a quiet inner strength. She shines with goodness and yet is not mawkish. The truth is that her gentle and restrained Anna is one of the finest and least expected performances of Miss Lawrence's dazzling career.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

ODE TO THE BASEBALL SEASON IN GENERAL AND LEO DUROCHER IN PARTICULAR

(With apologies to "The Taming of the Shrew")

By Joan Crosby

FIE, FIE, unknit that threatening, unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound Barlick, Ballenfant and Pinelli.
It blots thy looks as grand slam homers do a win,
Confounds thy fame as losses pile against thee,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A manager mov'd is like a team without a leader,
Muddy, thick, slow afoot and careless,
And while it is so, no fan so anxious or hungry,
Will deign to attend one game.
Thy umpire is thy lord, thy head, thy keeper,
One who cares for the decisions, and for thy team
Commits his body to painful labors both by day and night.
To watch the pitcher in hot sun, call a strike 'neath bright lights,
While thou sittest in the dug-out, near the water-cooler,
—And craves no other tribute at thy hands but fair looks,
True obedience and "You're right, Sir, Stanky was out."
Too little tribute as befalls him forced to watch wild pitchers.
Such duty as the club owner oweth to Chandler (?),
Even such Leo oweth to the Umpire,
And when he is loud, swearsome, sullen and sour,
And not abiding by his honest call,
What is he but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to the name of Magerkurth.
I am ashamed that managers are so simple,
To offer war, where they should kneel for "safe,"
Or seek for rule, supremacy and no umpires,
When they are bound to perform their duties in blissful silence.
Come, come, you Durocher (and Frisch and Stengel)
An umpire's mind hath been as big as one of yours,
To call a strike a strike, a ball a ball;
Or if needs be a strike a ball, a ball a strike.
But can't you see your sluggers are but straws,
Your strength a fine, a five-day suspension?
Then, to the water-cooler go, an argument is no boot,
And place your hand within the Umpire's own,
Until he calls a close one for the side opposed to thine,
Then, get thee hence, out of the dug-out, Leo,
And speak, ever gently, sweet manager, of the reasons why glasses
And a hearing aid would become the arbiter.

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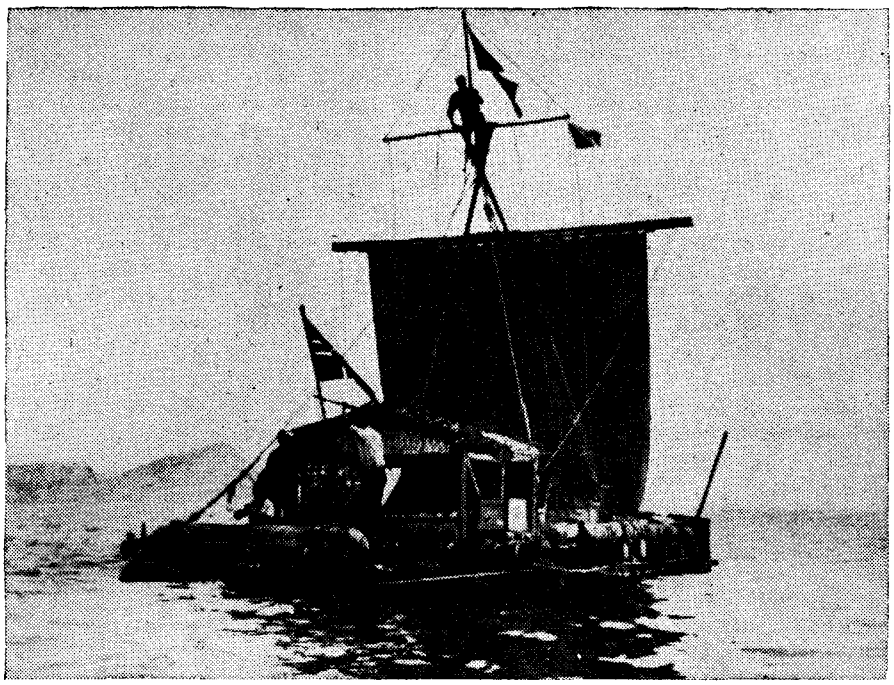
SRL Goes to the Movies

AUTHENTIC—AND OTHERWISE



The forty-foot *Kon-Tiki*—"the thrills are real."

EVER since the first itinerant cameraman poked the lens of his inquisitive machine into the exotica of foreign lands it has been recognized that one authentic function of the movies is to show us at home the adventures of other people in other places. "Documentary" is the word most often used to describe such films, although distributors and even filmmakers themselves have come to shy away from that term—it carries too much the connotation of research and the classroom. But if there were more documentaries like "Kon-Tiki" (RKO-Radio Pictures) some of that stigma might be removed. The film is basically documentation, as was the book—the record of an expedition organized by the Norwegian scientist Thor Heyerdahl to test his theory that the Polynesian islanders might have come originally from the shores of South America. But, again like the book, the film is also a tale of high adventure—heightened not by studio theatrics but by one's sense of being an immediate participant in the adventure itself.

And a wonderful adventure it is. Heyerdahl and his five companions constructed by hand the *Kon-Tiki*, a forty-foot balsa raft, after specifications laid down by Peruvian natives almost two thousand years ago. With a bare minimum of the essentials for modern navigation they set out to cross the broad Pacific—and soon discovered that even those essentials were unnecessary. Trade winds and ocean currents swept them incessantly along their course.

Happily, they carried with them a 16mm amateur movie camera, recording on film the things they saw and the things that happened to them. They encountered whales, and the camera stops to look directly down a whale's distended blow-holes. Sharks were a daily menace; the camera catches many a haul on the close, slippery deck of the *Kon-Tiki*. There are flying fish that all but hurl themselves into the frying pan, squids that serve as impromptu inkpots, a delightful parrot "that soon was speaking Spanish with a Norwegian accent." Heyerdahl's purpose is serious, but he is never too intent to savor the excitements and pleasures of his voyage. His commentary is a judicious mingling of information and affability, and no small part of the charm of this film is its unstudied, un-arty, straightforward presentation. You know its thrills are real. It should win new friends for documentaries.

THIS documentary tradition has been entering increasingly into Hollywood's thinking. The real and the authentic are what the producers have in mind whenever they permit their crews to photograph a story against its natural setting. Too often the stories treated in this manner have been conventional and banal; and whenever the background did assert itself it only emphasized the hollowness of the foreground action. But occasionally a story gains immeasurably from the authenticating detail that this semi-documentary approach can give. "Teresa" (MGM) is a splendid case in point; the film was put together from actual case histories in the files of the Veterans Administration. It tells of a G.I. who meets and marries a lovely Italian girl while serving overseas, then brings her to his tenement home and family. Philip's home is just the reverse of most movie homes: it is crowded, unhappy, filled with the bickering and bitterness of weak, frustrated people; Philip's mother is just the reverse of most movie mothers: she dominates her family and saps the strength of all the people in it. Only with psychiatric aid is Philip able to break his Momistic thrall.

Obviously, this is no picture for standard studio treatment, and the facts that the early war scenes were actually shot in Italy, that New York tenement streets, the Veterans Administration building, Bellevue Hospital, and Central Park dominate the major section of the film have added greatly to its persuasiveness. Also helpful is the casting of a pair of youthful unknowns, John Ericson and Pier Angeli, as the two protagonists. Fred Zinneman, director of "The Search" and "The Men," again demonstrates his unique ability to sink a group of actors into a real locale and make it seem they had lived there all their lives. To those who clamor for mature screen entertainment this reviewer recommends "Teresa."

As more conventional screen fare MGM offers "Soldiers Three" and "Father's Little Dividend," a brace of films with not a thought between them. The former declares its allegiance to Rudyard Kipling in the credit titles then moves on to Walter Pidgeon sucking on his pipe in a London club and recalling fondly "that business in Mirzabad." Seldom has the burden of Empire been borne more lightly or agreeably. "Father's Little Dividend" opens with Spencer Tracy reflecting contentedly on all that has happened since "Father of the Bride" — principally that now daughter Elizabeth Taylor is "expecting." All the crises arise out of whose family will furnish the nursery, buy the air conditioner, and choose the color of the wallpaper, and the climax revolves about whether the babe is to be named for its maternal or paternal grandfather. Yet from such trivia the veteran screen writers Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich have extracted a surprising amount of good fun.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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TV and Radio

THE SAME OLD RATE RACE—CHAPTER II

THIS is the first in a series of short and futile essays about the rating system in television and radio. It is headed Chapter II because my personal opinion of the rating system had been reserved for Chapter I, but there is some ridiculous and obscure Federal ruling about sending certain literature through the mails. Anyone interested in my personal opinion may read it on any fence or barn in any town.

For the uninitiated—that is, those who have never been fired off a radio program because of their low rating—I would like to explain that a rating in radio or television is a figure with a decimal point which indicates how many people are listening to a given program. This survey, which comes out every couple of weeks, is published in a little pamphlet about the size of an advertising man's inside Brooks Brothers' coat pocket.

For example: if a program has a rating of 19.2 that means there are about 19,200,000 people listening. If the rating is 2.3 that means there are 2,300,001 people listening. That 1 in that last figure is that advertising man in the Brooks Brothers' suit who is listening to auditions of a new program to replace the program with the small 2.3 rating. Watch out for him.

How do they arrive at these figures? How can they tell who is listening to what program? How do they contact the listeners? Do they contact all the listeners? If not, what percentage of the listeners do they contact? If a listener is tuned into a program and isn't listening is he listed as a listener? These are all very interesting questions, but space and ignorance do not permit answering them.

I have spent twenty years and two sponsors in research on the methods employed to obtain radio and television ratings, and I think I can safely say that I have a better understanding of the rating system than anyone else. (The eminent radio critic John Crosby recently said of me: "He has a bitter understanding of the rating system." The typographical error is his.) With these qualifications I will now attempt to clarify the rating system on behalf of the radio industry, and I wish I were half of the radio and television industry. (That is a joke I heard on the television program with the highest rating.)

There have been three major systems of rating shows in the radio business. First there was the Crossley (*circa* Baron Munchhausen, Joe Penner, and the Boswell Sisters). Then contract bridge replaced auction bridge and people became interested in higher scoring, so the Crossley went out of style and the Hooper system with higher ratings came into vogue. And when gin rummy was replaced by canasta the Nielsen came out to replace the Hooper. The Nielsen rating is the current fad. Unlike canasta, Nielsen is played with million-dollar chips. Programs are canceled, actors are purged, a whole network is submerged—all depending on that little figure with the decimal point, which appears every couple of weeks in that little pamphlet in the advertising man's inside Brooks Brothers' coat pocket. How do they arrive at this figure? I'm glad you asked me.

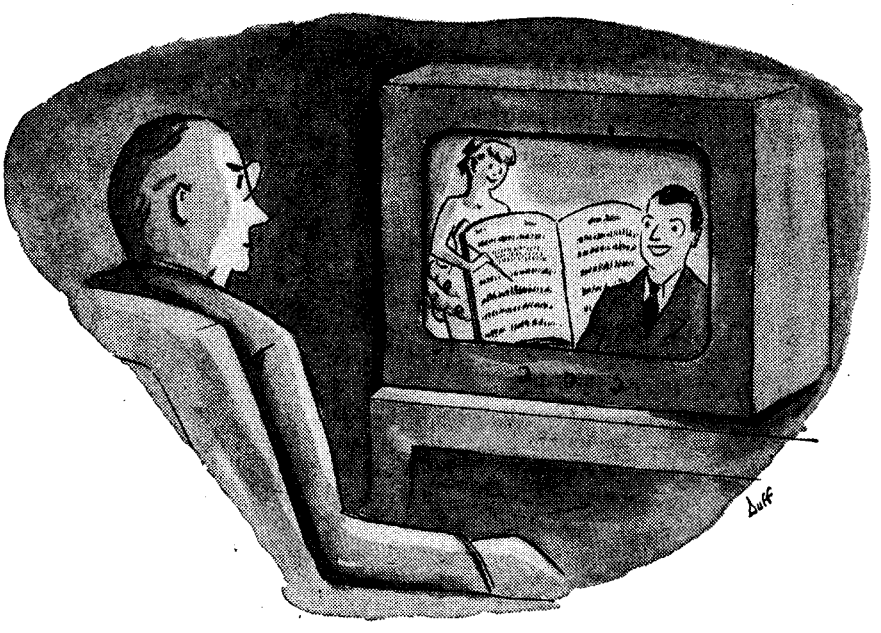
The Crossley and the Hooper telephoned the listeners and asked them what program they were listening to. Now, the accepted figure for the number of radio families in this country is 41,000,000. (You don't have to accept this figure if you don't want to. I myself prefer a figure supplied by a research company which placed the number of radio families at 39,874,412. It gives the feeling of actually having counted each set.) In either case the method of contacting the listeners is quite simple, as I understand it. It operates like this:

A program goes on the air. In a split second the Crossley and the Hooper start telephoning the 41,000,000 families. If all the 41,000,000 are listening the program gets the highest rating. Often not all the 41,000,000 are listening. Sometimes only 340 people are listening. This is divided by 41,000,000 and you can see what the result would be. (I'd figure it out for you but my mathematics is deplorable.) If a person is called and the phone is not answered this is counted as a listener who is not listening. If a person is called who has no telephone this, too, is counted as a listener who is not listening. If a person is called during the time the commercial is on this is counted as a listener who is listening but who probably won't buy the sponsor's product. The rules are strict, and the operation is expensive. Well, you can see that for yourself—41,000,000 calls at ten cents a call.

BUT these two systems have more or less gone out of style. Just who it was Mr. Hooper or Mr. Crossley hired to make all those calls has never been discovered—not by me, at least. What was their I. Q.? How was their hearing? Did they have integrity? Did they have telephones? All these questions and many others were left unanswered—or at least unsatisfactorily answered. And then the Nielsen poll hove into view.

Nielsen doesn't telephone, he doesn't write, he doesn't telegraph. This is a poll with a gadget, which I shall explain in the next instalment. Polls are fascinating. They are read by every one, from the farmer in the field all the way up to Tom Dewey, President of the United States.

—GOODMAN ACE.



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Music to My Ears

SIMON BARERE—MORE DE LOS ANGELES—BING'S PLANS

THE DESTINY that shapes our ends decreed that Simon Barere, who had spent virtually all of his fifty-five years attaining a unique mastery of the piano, should leave as the last sound for mortal ears a discordant jangle of chords as he toppled from the bench on which he was playing during a recent concert with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. His sudden and shocking death was a misfortune of magnitude, not least for the infant American-Scandinavian Foundation, whose first public venture was thus blighted.

Musicians are rarely in agreement on any matter not demonstrable in black and white, but there would be minimum dissent with the statement that Barere was the most prodigious technician since Josef Lhevinne. Did I say black and white? The keys of both sorts were rarely so docile as when brooded over by the massive but dexterous hands of Barere. Some say there were auguries of disaster before Barere's collapse; if so I missed them in attentive respect for the delicacy and musical order he projected in the thrice-familiar work.

The confusion induced by such a happening is inevitable, but it should not obscure the credit due to Eugene Ormandy and the superlative orchestra for its playing of the Sibelius Seventh Symphony with which the concert began. I have heard this work at intervals since its introduction here twenty-five years ago but rarely with so much respect for its orchestral design. If it required so dazzling a demonstration to open these eyes, they are at last open. I can't say too much for the "Songs of King Erik," by Ture Rangström, sung by Set Svanholm in the unhappy interlude after Barere's collapse, other than noting a sure sense of orchestral writing by this Swedish composer, plus a family likeness to his peninsular contemporaries.

The fifth symphony of Carl Nielsen (scheduled to be played in the canceled second half of the concert) will be heard during the final visit of the Philadelphia Orchestra next Tuesday. Eugene Ormandy has made a gesture of uncommon courtesy in inviting Erik Tuxen, the Danish conductor who was to have made his debut on this occasion, to share the program with him.

* * *

The third appearance of Victoria de los Angeles at the Metropolitan, as Mimi, left the arc of her personal pendulum somewhere between the extremes of an indifferent Marguerite in "Faust" and a superior Butterfly. In the kind of raffish "Bohème" produced by the self-centered Giuseppe di Stefano as Rodolfo, the virtuoso Salvatore Baccaloni as Benoit and Alcindoro, the voluble but unsubtle Giuseppe Valdengo as Marcello, and the profoundly superficial conducting of Fausto Cleva, Miss de los Angeles's fragile charm wilted rather than flowered. "Fragile" refers here, of course, only to the Spanish singer's concept of style, for she is certainly no wispy figure of a consumptive.

There have been buxom Mimis before Miss de los Angeles, and there will be others after her. Most of them, however, have contrived to establish a sympathy based on some kind of organized appeal beyond the merely vocal. This one often sang well and with an uncommon restraint; but she left unanswered that perpetual question—what did Rodolfo see in her, anyway? Better, if not necessarily more expensive, costuming, surer action, and, most of all, a Rodolfo who was looking for more than his own reflection in Mimi's eyes would help.

—*Bender.*

Simon Barere—"prodigious technician."

The forecast for Rudolf Bing's second Metropolitan season should be regarded with an ear for the eye as well as an eye for the ear. It would be relatively easy for him to make a splash with a pair of or three novelties that would satisfy those who consider agitation of the surface more interesting than calming of the troubled operatic waters. By choosing, rather, the more prosaic way of a new "Aida," "Rigoletto," "Carmen," and "Cosi fan tutte," he has, I think, added valuably to the concept of putting first things first — to putting the Metropolitan's scenic house in order before inviting in lodgers for the night (or the season).

These four added to "Don Carlo," "Fledermaus," and the Italian-Siamese twins give us eight fairly staple works in presentable décor. Projecting the general thought through his third season, we would have more than half the present quota of repertory works in representative form. Adding such solid musical properties as "Alceste" (with or without Flagstad), "Elektra," "Salome," "Figaro," "Otello," and "Meistersinger" to the agenda gives renewed confidence in Bing's appraisal of the place the Metropolitan should have—musically and theatrically—in the life of America and the world.

Who will sing what remains, for the while, obscure; but there is no reason to doubt that *why* what is being sung is in safe hands. —IRVING KOLODIN.

We Are Set Free

By Joseph Joel Keith

WE ARE set free: we go from dark to day.
Untangled now, we pass the cooling fountain,
our will no longer earth-bound; eyes, deep-set
and closed, have seen the shining mountain.

Out and beyond small journeys of our need,
past budding fields and flowering hills and winding
ascents of growth, we walk as if we found
the thing of height that we are bent on finding.

We reach, not as the small rise toward the ripest fruit,
nor as the fingers fondling love, demanding
the promised vow, but for a rooted growth,
wed to the sun, seeded on holy peaks—
all thought loosed god-like where a man is standing.

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THE WAY WEST *A. B. Guthrie, Jr.* (Pocket: 25¢)	Chronicle of an emigrant trek from Independence, Missouri, to Oregon in the 1840's. Dick Summers, one of the principal characters of "The Big Sky," reappears.	Superb character development, occasionally overripe prose. On the whole better than "The Big Sky."

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

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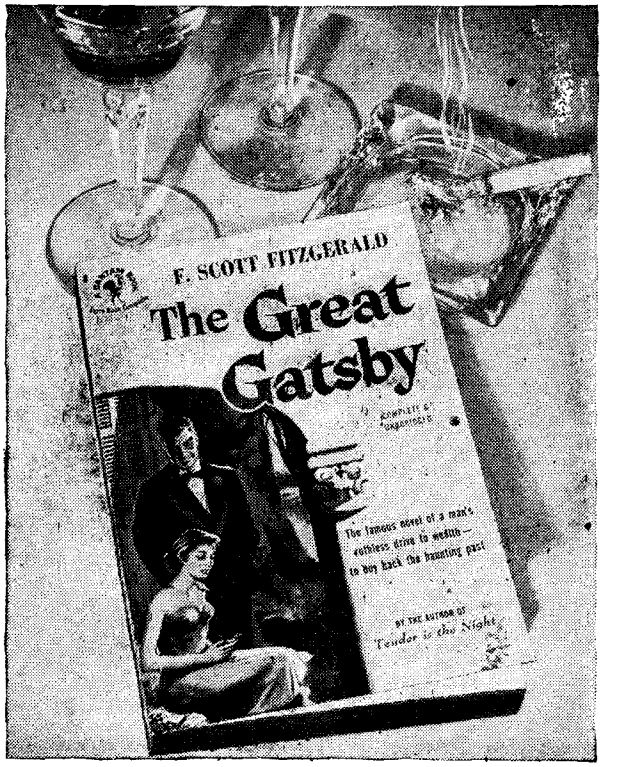

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 31*)

and Adams invade and conquer Wonworld. Romance makes two fleeting appearances (both are Ediths), once in the opening pages and again at the very end.

But these events are not so much narrated as alleged to occur. All of them put together cannot occupy more than a tenth of the book's bulk. Indeed, even the re-creation of capitalism is less a sequence of events than a long series of Socratic "conversations" in which Peter thinks things out while Adams breaks up his monologue with appropriate rejoinders.

Unfortunately, Peter is no Socrates. At this time when we imperatively need to understand what we are up against it is no help to be told that all technological advancement has been arrested under Communism and that the dictatorship is unable to provide enough shoelaces or to foresee that a housing project will require nails. And when, as never before, we need to make sense of capitalism it is little help to be told on one page that true capitalism brooks no sort of monopoly or combination in restraint of trade and on another that we must stop worrying about bigness. Peter's capitalism fails to make sense because it is exactly what he calls it: a miracle—just too good to be true.

C. E. Ayres is professor of economics at the University of Texas.

The Mind's a Wayfarer

THE DIVIDING OF TIME. By Elizabeth Sewell. New York: Doubleday & Co. 249 pp. $2.75.

By Evelyn Eaton

NOWADAYS, when the tendency seems toward saving the reader any expenditure of mental effort, however slight, in his encounter with the written word, it is heartening to come upon a quiet, subtle, thought-provoking book which does provoke thought—or perhaps excite is the better word. Miss Sewell's division of time excites the reader to think, to recognize, to ponder, to go half way, to make his own contribution of intelligent cooperation toward the meaning and purpose of the book, without which contribution reading is sterile. And since tendency has shoved us so far from this ideal let me hasten to affirm that there is nothing difficult, obscure, or knotty in Miss Sewell's exposition. Her language is simple, appropriate, and beautiful; she has a brilliant style. It is more a matter of stilling the mind to her mood of reflection, of traveling on in trust and alert attention in order not to miss the nuances.

"The Dividing of Time" has the flavor, depth, freshness, and sunny clarity of an earlier work it brings to mind, "Phantastes," by George MacDonald, now out of print like so many should-be enduring classics, submerged beneath the raucous shouts of build-up boys in the book business, peddling backslap wares.

Both these novels are allegories written in the first person, both pass from time to timelessness and back again with smooth unexpected transitions, both are concerned with the imperative journey of the alone to the Alone. The wayfarer in "Phantastes" is a man, in "The Dividing of Time" a woman. Both break into occasional poetry, original and quoted. Both have a curious intimacy with nature and with objects; their journey is through a world of *things*, animate and inanimate, some with sinister, brooding malevolence, some with a limited kindness, but all familiars in the fastness of our minds. In "The Dividing of Time" all of them—The Moon Castle cat, Samson; the seven shadows: "A strange sound came from them, such as the wind makes at night round the corners of a desolate house. And they began to move slowly forward"; Septimus, who saw "that there may be red herrings even in Lethe River"; Diego, who offers a way out not taken; the people in the Civil Service; but most of all, the girl herself, Everywoman, courageous, frightened, reassured—all live in us.

Miss Sewell is an Englishwoman who was born in India. She has spent some time in the United States on a fellowship at Ohio State University. She has published short stories, a study of the nature of poetry in general, and is now at work on a critical biography of the poet Paul Valéry. She is young enough to be writing "of the friends one is going to meet and love in a few years' time," in "a place that is dark and quiet now and a long way away, waiting to be wakened." "The Dividing of Time" is her first novel, a tour de force, showing a sure touch and unusual mastery of technique.

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Walpole & Company

JENKINS' EAR. By Odell Shepard and Willard Shepard. New York: The Macmillan Co. 474 pp. $3.50.

By JAMES GRAY

IN THEIR new novel, "Jenkins' Ear," the Shepards, father and son, have produced a pastiche on a monumental scale. This curious medley of literary styles and materials is partly historical romance, partly *chronique scandaleuse*, partly exercise in imitative writing, partly documentary of a sprawling, indecisive war. A huge vaudeville entertainment of this sort, seeming to derive its liveliness from talents as diverse as those of Chaucer, Horace Walpole, Sir Walter Scott, the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty," and Max Beerbohm, cannot fail to be striking. It cannot, I'm afraid, fail also to be oppressive.

The Shepards have made the task of the reviewer easy by making it impossible. "Jenkins' Ear" defies neat synopsis as majestically as the history of the eighteenth century—political, social, military, ethical, and artistic—would do were anyone so rash as to attempt such an experiment in compression.

Gasping somewhat for breath and clutching at a straw in this sea of troubles, one can come up with no more complete description than that this novel dramatizes scenes from the expensive and useless struggle between England and Spain which came to be known as the War of Jenkins' Ear. It was so called because an unsavory character, Robert Jenkins, mariner, testified in the English House of Commons that his vessel had been boarded by the Spanish and that the Spanish commander had ordered his ear cut off.

This handy outrage offered an excuse for those who wanted a war with Spain in which England might establish her dominating authority in sea power. Prime Minister Robert Walpole was obliged to declare war, against his better judgment, and then forced to resign when the incidents of the struggle proved to be unrewarding to England's ambitions. These incidents occurred all over the globe —along the coast of South America, on the Continent of Europe, and in Colonial America. The relationship between events is merely that each had to do with the effort of England to advance her own empire and nick away at that of Spain. Many documentary accounts are in existence of these campaigns by land and sea. They involve such picturesque figures as John Byron, grandfather of the poet,

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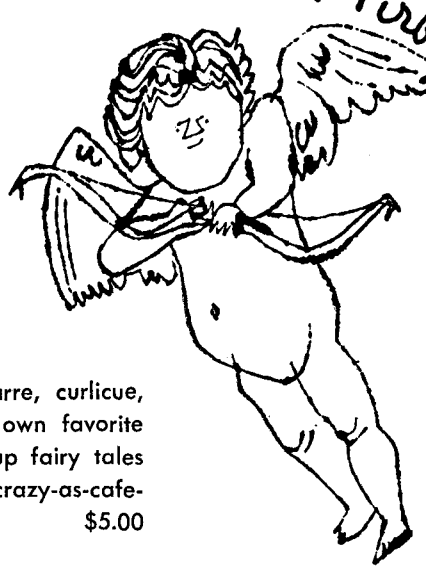

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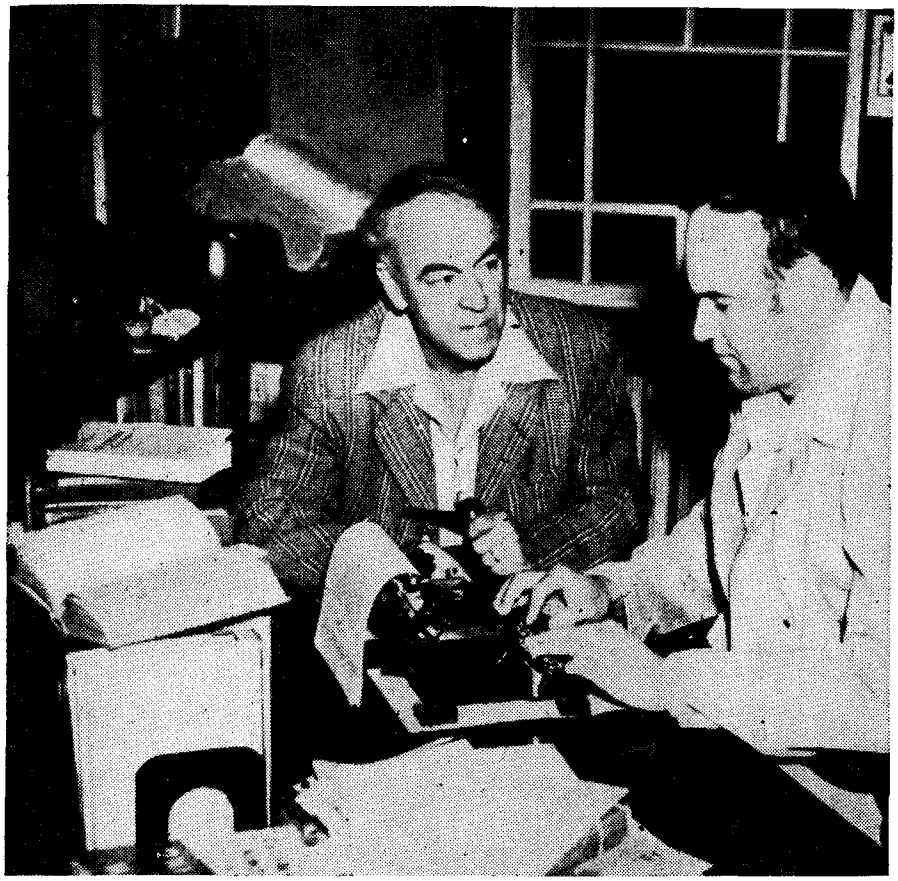

Odell and Willard Shepard—"pastiche on a monumental scale."

and George Oglethorpe, founder of the Colony of Georgia.

The Shepards have explored these records with thoroughness and relish, producing out of them a fine welter of battle scenes, wrecks at sea, mutinies, ordeals by famine and fire. They seem to have left out no conceivable crisis of the human body, mind, or spirit. The way in which the stories are woven together is no doubt ingenious. To the Gothic twilight of Horace Walpole's house at Strawberry Hill the authors imagine that many of the great figures of these dramas might come for a discussion of the War of Jenkins' Ear. It is appropriate that they should assemble in that place, for Horace Walpole was the son of the much-tried Prime Minister who was edged out of office and into the aristocracy by the disaster. The younger Walpole becomes the chronicler of the accounts recited, rather as were the lusty tales of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, on the succeeding days of a week spent in the country.

Before the responsibility of admitting that this is by no means all that the Shepards have crowded into their book the mind reels. It can be added only, in a weak effort to suggest the relentless copiousness of the novel, that another thread of narrative has to do with an imaginary last visit to England of the Young Pretender and of the reasons for his renunciation of his claim upon the throne.

The difficulty with so ambitious an effort is that it tends to fall apart for lack of a real center of interest. To overcome the difficulty the Shepards have offered the mind of Horace Walpole as a digester of the material. But the mind of Walpole as re-created by the Shepards is curiously arid. There is little nourishment to be found in an intelligence made up of poses, pretensions, mincing niceties, and confusions. Many of the people of the Strawberry Hill round-table discussion are historical figures: Catherine Clive, the actress, Byron and Adair, the adventurers and explorers. But in the end so many notable persons of eighteenth-century history crowd into the scene that the pageant tends to become a burlesque of itself.

Max Beerbohm once wrote a wicked piece called "Savonarola Brown" in which he delicately but disastrously undermined forever the structure of this kind of panorama view of history. One scene is laid in the public square of Florence. The stage directions call for the appearance in the crowd of all the better-known figures of Italian history. A fine assortment of Medicis, Gorgias, Guelphs, and Ghibellines cross the stage. Finally, as Beerbohm was superbly inspired to imagine, "Pippa passes."

The spirit of Pippa passes here, too.

Momism Française

VIPER IN THE FIST. By Hervé Bazin. Translated by W. J. Strachan. New York: Prentice-Hall. 183 *pp.* $2.75.

By Harry Sylvester

THAT mass discovery of the silver cord made during and since the war has given us not only the term Momism but almost a whole category of novels of which the main or subordinate theme is the anguished awareness of the young novelist that his parents have been not altogether good for him. But in none that I know is there such intricate and exhaustive detailing of the ways of an evil parent as in this novel by a young Frenchman. Hervé Bazin brings to his unlikely task many of the virtues we associate with the French novel: great honesty, insight uncomplicated by sentimentality, the implication of juxtaposed incidents, and a sharp-edged clarity of description.

In the 1920's the Rezeaus belonged to the upper strata of the *bourgeoisie*. Their country home in the Craonnais is a half-modernized château in which the mother spies on her children, intrigues with tutors against them, feeds them badly, and clothes them worse. The house, its surrounding fields, the peasants, still half-serf, the scholarly, ineffectual father, the hierarchy of relatives are fully realized and altogether believable. But Bazin's real feat is Madame Rezeau. For all her unmitigated darkness of character she has a horrid validity in which the reader is compelled to believe. From the moment when returning from abroad she knocks down the two older sons running to embrace her until the children's attempt on her life and eventual outmaneuvering of her nothing she does but must be believed.

Bazin's accomplishment is all the more remarkable because he offers little to explain her. The title suggests a heavily Freudian motivation, but the only explicit cause offered is Madame Rezeau's gall bladder; yet even after the offending organ is removed no special change occurs in her character. Of course, her Catholicism is of the sort Bernanos excoriated in his *devots*, one in which form has so far overshadowed meaning as for there to be no longer any faint resemblance to the religion Christ founded. It is perhaps by implication that Bazin is suggesting the mother's drives. If so, he owes it to his readers to be a little more explicit on the misogyny and misogamy a few people seem to find in the Church. Because the second son, Jean, who tells the

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—*Madeleine Chapsal.*

Hervé Bazin—"moments lyrical."

story, associates his mother with her religion and because the succession of tutors, seven in all, is about as inept or egregious a group of ecclesiastics as one might encounter in a decade it is natural that Jean's loss of faith should proceed by way of that anti-clericalism the French find so natural and we so scandalous.

The novel has its moments lyrical and amusing. The boys' tour with their father gives the reader opportunity to see common things anew; the visiting entomologist rushing to chlorophorm a hedgehog in a chamber-pot to obtain its fleas is not untypical of the humor. Bazin offers no salvation for his children. Jean's growing interest in the Left could hardly have proceeded farther than Socialism, for the mental policing to which Communists accede would have outraged him because it resembled his mother. Bazin is sometimes flip and sometimes cute, but his book is impressive. The publishers have given the work a real production, with extraordinary line drawings by Madeleine Chapsal and a stylish translation by W. J. Strachan, but it seems a pity they could not have found a proofreader to go with them.

Harry Sylvester's novels include "Golden Girl" and "Moon Gaffney."

Fiction Notes

OUR SPOONS CAME FROM WOOLWORTH'S. By Barbara Comyns. Holt. $2.75. "Self-portrait of a silly woman" might be the subtitle of this novel, for Sophia tells her story herself. Secure in her happy second marriage, she recalls her first love and its unhappy consequences. She was twenty years old and working in London as a model when she and Charles met and fell in love. Charles's family, who were separated, could agree only too well on opposing the marriage. There was no support in view for the feckless pair, never any money and always endless bills. From the beginning it was obvious that Charles was not only a very mediocre painter but a selfish and thoroughly worthless young man. When Sophia had a baby Charles's family were surpassed in their disapproval and annoyance only by Charles himself. Poor Sophia, who remained through all misfortunes an elfin child at heart, clung to her wide-eyed simplicity with a grim determination (which channeled otherwise would certainly have made her a place at the top of some heap) and managed to survive a good many years of the egocentric Charles's neglect. She learned far more about love from another, more solvent man than she ever had from her husband, and after the death of her second child, the beautiful little Fanny, she parted with Charles forever. A cook-housekeeper job in the country for an eccentric family of well-to-do farmers provided a refuge for herself and her son, Sandro. In the end another artist, not the least of whose attractions were a pleasant house, a maid, and an assured income, wrote a happy ending to the pathetic story.

I have an idea that Miss Comyns intended to create in Sophia another of those beautiful, amoral, irresponsible, and altogether beguiling women whose finest flower in contemporary fiction is for my money Joyce Cary's magnificent Sara Monday. That she does bring her to life is admitted, for I longed to shake her violently on almost every page. But to make a thoroughly silly woman attractive is difficult indeed. Much is, of course, forgiven a great beauty, but if Sophia is intended to be such Miss Comyns has failed to project the spell. Sophia emerges sloppy, undoubtedly arty in dress, and lacking the animal warmth and native shrewdness which might have made her bearable.

—Pamela Taylor.

DOMINICK DRAGON. By Charles Norman. Bell Publishing Co., Drexel Hill, Pa. $2.50. By the end of the first page of this book the reader knows it will be enchantingly written, and by the end of the tenth he has begun to suspect that, unfortunately, it isn't going to matter much.

Charles Norman, whose second novel this is, has written a small bookful of balanced, soft-focus prose in which the comings and goings of a dozen quaintly-named characters are

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indicated with hardly a hint at conflict. Somewhere in the author's original intention may have been the thought of satirizing Bohemian life, but his tone is much too bland for anything to come of it.

He has a ceremoniously detached way of dealing with his people, as if he were wondering why on earth he should be writing about them but is too polite to say so—a kind of detachment which communicates itself all too readily to the reader. Whatever meaning the incidents in the story are meant to have seems to have been withheld almost deliberately. We might as well be seeing a play from which everything has been omitted but an unemphatic, offstage voice reading a set of exquisitely-written stage directions.

We finish "Dominick Dragon" in very much the same state of reaction in which we finished reading page one: unmoved, uninvolved, but with a certain bemused admiration for a man who can make sallies such as, "If, in the effort to split a hair, he sometimes cracked a skull, so much the better, thought Llewellyn," and in the same man's conversation, "He made random shots, around which he drew bull's-eyes." It's the sort of thing which might dress a novel up very smartly, if only there were a novel here to dress up.

—VANCE BOURJAILY.

THE GIFT. By Madeleine Nuttall. A. A. Wyn. $2.50. Not since Mr. Chips has such a kindly and quizzical character as Pidgey come along. The smug and practical residents of Vista thought him shiftless and ungrateful, but to Pidgey most of the residents were great. It seemed to him that many of them had contributed something to the town's lasting good, and Pidgey longed, too, to give Vista a wonderful gift before he left it.

Lovable and wise, he was not conscious that he gave during every waking hour to the welfare of Vista. He shared his wisdom, gave of his sympathy and understanding and of his frail physical strength without stint. He brought together two stubborn lovers, gave comfort to a dying friend, did odd jobs for his neighbors, and was the delight of children. At last at the town's centennial celebration Pidgey found what he had been seeking—the perfect gift for Vista.

This is a pretty tale, almost an allegory. There is just enough reality in it to make one wish that it were true, just enough of dreaming to offer escape from reality. There is need for whimsicality and truth so gently combined. Pidgey will find friends wherever he goes, bearing his rare selflessness.

—CHRISTINE NOBLE GOVAN.

THE WORLD

(*Continued from page* 43)

barely beginning." George F. Kennan adds another historical consideration: Custine's "limitation was his lack of knowledge of the 'other Russia' which was very much there in the age of Nicholas I, though not visible to the Western traveler."

The vast technological and political changes of the past century, and they alone, made possible the totalitarianism of Stalin—a despotism uniquely modern and tragically closer to Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-Four" than it is to Nicholas I, the most authoritarian of Russia's modern Czars. Only with this in mind—and not as a storehouse for foolish analogies—can the present-day reader appreciate Custine's book, a work unusually suggestive of the eternal essence of despotism.

George Fischer, a historian at Harvard University, spent a dozen years in the USSR before and during World War II as a student and as a U. S. Air Force officer.

A Recruiter Confesses

THIS DECEPTION. By Hede Massing. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 335 *pp.* $3.50.

By JOHN H. LICHTBLAU

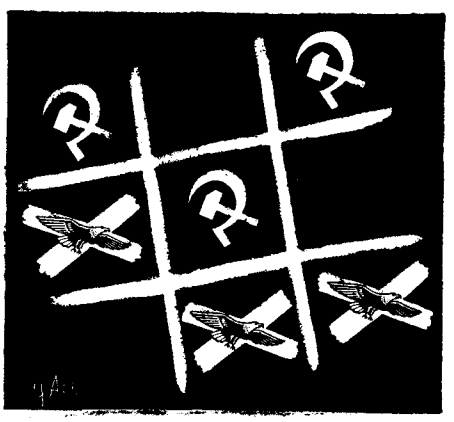
THE CURRENT flood of ex-Communist literature is characterized by uniformity of source and development: the sensitive young intellectual whose social awareness (or psychological insecurity) is of such urgency as to drive him into the only organization which seems to guarantee the scientific, radical, and permanent eradication of all social evils and whose romantic appeal, couched in the seemingly rational and unsentimental language of Marxism, is of such power as to make the young intellectual brush aside all the keen critical faculties which he brings to the analysis of bourgeois institutions.

The eventual metamorphosis from Communist to ex-Communist is usually a much more subtle, complicated, and painful process. The full realization that one has built one's life on a deception, has served a God that failed, and that the only thing left is to renounce (or denounce) one's past, one's friends, and the heady claim of belonging to the true elite is a shattering emotional blow. The literature which has resulted from this experience, although not always kindly received by those who have never known the temptations of the Left or are still under its spell, has, aside from its literary value, become one of our primary sources of information about Communism.

Hede Massing's autobiography, "This Deception," falls largely, though not completely, into this pattern. She came to Communism shortly after World War I through her first husband, Gerhart Eisler, then a rising star in the German Communist Party hierarchy. Their divorce four years later did not change Hede's political loyalty. Her second and third husbands were also Communists. It was with her third husband, Paul Massing, that she realized the dream of every Communist: to go to Moscow. She stayed for two years and after her return to Germany began work as an *apparatchik*, a member of the worldwide Russian intelligence service.

Richard Sorge, the legendary Soviet secret agent executed by the Japanese during the war, initiated her into the Communist undercover apparatus. Through him she met "Ludwig," alias Ignace Reiss, GPU chief for Western Europe and her direct superior.

The fact that she had been born in the United States made her chief send her here. Her work as a Soviet undercover agent in New York and Washington from 1933 until 1937, when she went to Moscow to request her release as an *apparatchik*, forms the most interesting part of the book. Although she modestly claims that "when I start recounting my activities they seem very meager," she did quite well in recruiting members of the Washington left-wing set for her apparatus. Her husband, who had been jailed by the Nazis before coming here, proved



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of great indirect value in this undertaking. "As the wife of an anti-Fascist hero, my social stock skyrocketed among the left liberals."

According to Mrs. Massing, one of her most important recruits was former State Department official Noel Field, who is now imprisoned with his entire family somewhere behind the Iron Curtain. To be partly responsible for the fate of sincere idealists whom under the guise of "fighting Fascism" she involved in Soviet espionage must weigh heavily on her mind. It was in connection with Noel Field that the author had her now famous meeting with Alger Hiss, which made her one of the main witnesses in the Hiss trial, as the only person besides Whittaker Chambers who had personal knowledge of Hiss's alleged espionage activities.

Hede Massing's story is fascinating, informative, and sometimes moving, and she tells it simply and well. The book's one big shortcoming is her lack of insight and analytical perception. Her adherence to a party whose doctrines and aims she admittedly never even attempted or cared to understand, her entry into the Russian espionage service after her disillusioning first stay in Russia, her eagerness to recruit members for her underground apparatus while she herself tried to get out of it, her continued social contact with Communists and fellow travelers, even after her final break with Moscow, until they drop her—none of this she really explains or motivates.

It is to this extent that the book must be regarded as a mere reflection of the author's personality and not as a contribution toward solving the riddle of what constitutes the Communist mentality.

John H. Lichtblau spent three postwar years in Germany as special agent of the United States Counter-Intelligence Corps.

World Notes

FUNDAMENTALS OF WORLD ORGANIZATION. By Werner Levi. The University of Minnesota Press. $3. Mr. Levi is much in favor of world organization—even world government—for the purposes of making peace. But, unlike certain other enthusiastic advocates, he's strongly aware that the wish alone doesn't father the deed

They Rowed, They Sang

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

THEY sang to the oars, their songs thinned in the firs,
They rowed, they sang, their voices climbed the sea,
Never was any coast a lace so fine,
Never a sea so like eternity!
Never an ocean so blue, so steep uphill;
They rowed, but they stayed forever still.

The rowers never knew how true they sang,
Terns snowed above them in an endless snow,
They were bronze, they were common lobstermen,
And they were bronze sea-captains long ago.
The white houses and the whitecaps gleamed as one,
The rowers were not all men but part sun.

Under the songs they sang the old bones whitened,
Their fathers rolled at peace under the reef,
Dark lobsters slid away from where they brightened,
The bones were proud, were long beyond belief;
On the beaches golden grandsons flew
Livelier than the plovers tipping the blue.

Songs and broad backs bending to long rhythm,
O such music ospreys wrote on sky!
O but the songs were sweet, the sun unending!
These men sang like men not meant to die;
They sang, they rowed past time up the high sea;
They sing loud now in blue eternity.

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and that practical difficulties are not waved aside by appeals to "worldwide public opinion" or to an invocation of "world law." These are not, he demonstrates, very strong deterrents to nationalism, aggression, and war.

But Mr. Levi's great service and originality in this book are not so much his harmonizing of idealism with reality. Rather, he has approached the problem of world organization not in the spirit of exhortation or descriptions of recent efforts but in the spirit of hard-headed analysis. He takes the world as it is, examines the limitations and advantages of organization, and weighs the possibilities. He cuts a wide swath—as wide as any serious-minded proponent of international order must cut—by assaying the possibilities and accomplishments for organization in politics and diplomacy, economics as they concern global trade, currency and investment, social welfare, and cultural affairs. In particular, his critique of the difficulties surrounding international economic problems is masterly.

And as an advocate of planning Mr. Levi is remarkably detached. World order, he says, can come only through planning. He warns, however, that planning in action is never foolproof. "The American Constitution illustrates how a plan in action may lead to results differing greatly from those anticipated." Altogether, a solid, tough-minded, highly informed study whose only big fault is a dullish writing style peppered with the specialized vocabulary of the social scientist.

—Peter R. Levin.

THE MIDDLE EAST: A Physical, Social and Regional Geography. By W. B. Fisher. Dutton. $5.75. The expression "Middle East" to designate the area from Iran to Tripolitania received military sanction during World War II. Dr. Fisher justifies the phrase and delimits the area on topographical and ethnologic grounds. If Iran is included in the East and Cyrenaica (but not Tripolitania) in the West "the term 'Middle East' denotes a single geographical region with certain elements of marked physical and social unity." His exact, unprejudiced, and comprehensive text is a credit to the Dutton series of Advanced Geographies. It is written by an expert in non-technical prose and illustrated with nearly one hundred maps and diagrams.

Most Americans, whose impression of eastern Mediterranean lands is derived from travel folders and color plates in the *National Geographic Magazine*, could not fail to profit by the re-education this volume provides. The Middle East supports an impoverished population of some 50,000,000; 85 per cent depend on agricultural or pastoral pursuits; two out of three suffer from serious and chronic disease. The majority live a primitive marginal existence, with rent and taxes taking up to five-sixths of their produce and moneylenders exacting 50 per cent to 200 per cent on loans. With an expanding population pressing upon the limited resources, social changes are imminent and the USSR will be the logical beneficiary if revolution comes. Hitherto the British, French, and Americans have dealt with the merchants and territorial landlords and the influential tribal and religious leaders—the feudality and the fiscal exploiters of a medieval society.

—Geoffrey Bruun.

BRITISH POLITICS SINCE 1900. *By D. C. Somervell. Oxford University Press.* $3.75. Best known in this country for his abridgement of Toynbee's mammoth six volumes down to end-table size, Professor Somervell here departs from the majestic heights of historical philosophizing, taking a plunge into the undergrowth of historical detail. Let it be said immediately that he makes his descent with a certain style. In choosing the past half century of British party politics he picks a topic which calls for clear-sightedness, tolerance of viewpoint, and broad understanding. And in leaving Toynbee Mr. Somervell shows a gift for lucid and witty writing, a directness of thought and word that too often escape the master.

British politics since 1900 are no job for a mere chronicler or antiquarian. They include the rise of the Labor Party and the concurrent crack-up of the Liberals; the leftward shift of the Conservatives at what in perspective is an astonishing rate of speed; a complex of problems in which Commonwealth relations, world upheaval, economic instability, financial distress, and the search for security are only a few. Finally, the three parties have turned up a fascinating and fantastic array of leaders—the Liberals ranging from a detached, utterly predictable Herbert Asquith to an e m o t i o n a l, opportunistic Lloyd George; the Laborites from a hard-bitten Keir Hardie through a fuzzy-minded Ramsay MacDonald to an unexciting and unexcitable Clement Attlee; the Conservatives from a lazy Lord Balfour through plodding Stanley Baldwin to the flamboyant, overarching Mr. Churchill.

All this is lumber, when cut to proper length, for Professor Somervell's house—if he had used it. But, instead, he never quite decided what he wanted to build. A Tory bias at the foundations leaves him at a loss to assess the significance of Liberal and Labor ministeries or to explain why the British elected them and trusted their leadership. His personal hero is undoubtedly Winston Churchill, whose entire career until 1940 is filtered into the book. But, a coalition having ruled Britain during World War II, the author dismisses Churchill's greatest years in four pages. Incidentally, by so doing he also dismisses a solid explanation for Churchill's defeat in 1945.

—P. R. L.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT

"Long Playing Record Catalogue." For those who haven't discovered it—the monthly small catalogue of this name issued by Schwann in Cambridge, Mass., and available free at record shops (they pay for it), is almost indispensable these days. All currently available LP's (no other speeds) listed cumulatively, each month's new releases prominently starred for quick attention. LP ads also list most of what's new, company by company. E. T. C.

COMPANY CROSS SECTIONS: COLUMBIA'S ORCHESTRAS

Philadelphia BEETHOVEN: VIOLIN CONCERTO. Francescatti; Phila. Orch., Ormandy. MENDELSSOHN: VIOLIN CONCERTO. Stern; Phila. Orch., Ormandy. BEETHOVEN: PIANO CONCERTO ♯5 ("EMPEROR"). Serkin; Phila. Orch., Ormandy. Columbia LP's: ml 54371, 4363, 54373.	▶ These represent about the finest orchestral concerto sound to date. Depth of orchestral perspective, clarity of inner detail, "enveloping" quality all most gratifying. Stern's fiddle is big, bit blurred in liveness; Francescatti's is cleaner, closer. Piano is good, not ideal: thinnish in bass, distant sounding. A bit on percussive side. Distance is an agreeable change.	▶ The Philadelphia - Ormandy combine is inspired or merely work-horse according to circumstance! With Francescatti, Beethoven is sleekly smooth, gorgeous toned, rather superficial; Stern's Mendelssonh, strangely, is the more rugged of the two. Serkin galvanizes Ormandy—his "Emperor" is as full-blooded and exciting as you're likely to hear, enhanced by tremendous orchestral recording.
PROKOFIEFF: SYMPHONY ♯6. Phila. Orch., Ormandy. Columbia LP: ml 4328	▶ A fat score and a fat-sounding recording, quite live, the sharp brasses lightening a heavy texture. Ormandy's Prokofieff is good stuff.	▶ Musical outgrowth of "romantic" big-orch. trend in the 5th. The first two mvts. aren't too easy; dark-textured. The third skips along à la "Classical."
New York RABAUD: "LA PROCESSION NOCTURNE." ST.-SAENS: "DANSE MACABRE," "ROUET D'OMPHALE." N. Y. Philharmonic, Mitropoulos. Columbia LP: ml 2170	▶ The Rabaud is excellent, notably in string sound. More immediate than Prokofieff above. The obverse St.-S. is more distant, liver and thinner, not as satisfactory a sound, though good. (Done earlier?) The Kostelanetz has an indefinable coarseness of tone in comparison—may be simply the musical interpretation. Hard to say.	▶ Rabaud's Franck-influenced, velvety tone poem, is appealing, personal, sincere if bit longwinded. Touch of Debussy; "Tristan" too. The proficient St.-Saëns works are no more exciting than usual. Kostelanetz is note perfect but even Rimsky's show stuff suffers from mechanical, unsubtle phrasing and rhythm.
RIMSKY - KORSAKOFF: "CAPR. ESPAGNOL"; BALLET MUSIC FROM OPERA. André Kostelanetz & His Orch. Columbia LP: ml 2161		
GOULD: "PHILHARMONIC WALTZES"; GRIFFES: "WHITE PEACOCK"; COPLAND: "BILLY THE KID" (Excerpts). N. Y. Philharmonic, Mitropoulos, Gould, Stokowski. Columbia LP: ml 2167	▶ Waltzes are new; sound like Rabaud above—good. Others are conveniently lumped reissues from good quality discs of few years back. Standard Columbia policy in many LP's.	▶ The waltzes, skilfully modern in instrumentation, reflect more than the usual Gould sense of artistic frustration; not too successful, considering Gould's potential ability—he's as gifted as they come.
Great Britain HANDEL - BEECHAM: "FAITHFUL SHEPHERD" SUITE; HAYDN: SYMPHONY ♯93. Royal Philharmonic, Beecham. Columbia LP: ml 54374	▶ The marked diff. in sound of British-recorded discs as reissued here on LP is now gone, with tape. These are balanced like U. S. Columbias (and assorted other European-made records processed by Columbia). Sir T.'s own orchestra sounds a lot better on these wide-range LP's than via the dull-toned earlier RCA 78's. (Tape has come in since then.)	▶ Familiar Beechams, replacing two famous earlier albums on 78. Haydn—with current small-orch. trend—sounds a bit tubby in the Beecham style, but undeniably lovely, too. The Handel suite is excellent, better than in old set.
ROSSINI - RESPIGHI: "LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE"; SCHUMANN - GLAZOUNOFF: "CARNAVAL." Royal Phil., Kurtz. Columbia LP: ml 54367		▶ Schumann's piano music comes over surprisingly well as orchestral ballet music, with Glazounoff's expert management. The Rossini score is already familiar. Kurtz (like RCA's Dorati) is good for ballet.

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CONVERSATIONS WITH NEHRU

(*Continued from page* 19)

difficult for one bloc to see the other bloc attempt to build up its position. Much attention has been paid to the refusal of the West to admit China. Yet Russia has consistently opposed the admission of Ceylon, which is certainly a representative government. Russia takes the view, no doubt, that to admit Ceylon would add strength to the opposing side. For perhaps some of the same reasons and a great many others the West feels justified in opposing the entry of China. Isn't there some way of resolving the problem by making the United Nations stronger than any possible combination within it? In such a United Nations, built upon clearly defined rights and obligations, might we not have the basis for the universal design you seek?

NEHRU

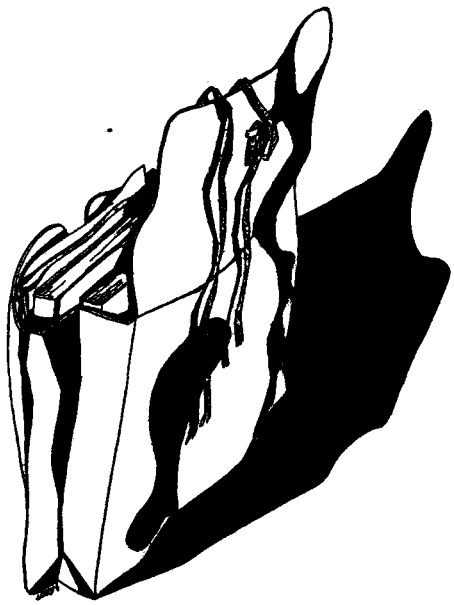
Doesn't that mean a change in the basic conception and structure of the United Nations, leading up to a United Nations which presents, by and large, countries of one way of thinking?

COUSINS

The original conception of the United Nations, of course, is still the ideal. That is to say, an organization which can make the world safe for its differences. Any United Nations which would attempt to steamroller differences out of existence would—inevitably, I believe—result in war. But if on the other hand, Mr. Prime Minister, the United Nations could be given adequate power, protecting the world against the violator rather than attempting to cope with aggression after aggression occurred, then we may be able to raise the United Nations to a plane where world peace does seem within sight. I suppose the big question for such a strengthened United Nations is not which nations are to be left out but how to get all the nations in the world to come in.

NEHRU

Surely the United Nations cannot claim two things at the same time. One is to ignore a country within its counsels and at the same time try to impose its will on that country which has been ignored. The two are contradictory. The United Nations by keeping out some countries, whether China or Ceylon (both, I think, are equally wrong), in a sense denies itself the moral right to deal with that country. For that country it is a simple reply that "you do not recognize us for this purpose; therefore we have nothing to do with you." The United



Nations puts itself in a wrong position thereby. If you cannot deal with a country within the form of the United Nations, then the only alternative is to deal with it outside ultimately by force of arms.

When you talk about blocs, it is rather difficult to define what a bloc is. Any military alliance is a very close bloc. Any two or three or four countries joining together is a bloc—whether for military or other reasons. So either on the one side you must put an end to any association of two countries for any purpose—other than maybe cultural—or some kind of alliances will take place ultimately. Such things have to be met by an improvement of the world situation; because much of this is due to fear—whether fear of oppression, fear of other countries spreading out and attacking the interests and privileges of their neighbors. The basic way to move is to create conditions of lessened fear. Having done that, you can then build up that type of United Nations you have suggested.

COUSINS

Yes, all over the world, Mr. Prime Minister, wherever I have gone I have found the fear of which you speak. I have found it in individuals everywhere. In some places that fear has resulted in futility, in others defeatism, in others desperation or acute anxiety. Would you agree that the place to start is by eliminating today the cause of fear? What better way to do that than by working inside the United Nations itself to give it the required strength within the required

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time? What other hope for the world is there?

NEHRU

That is true. But, again, I repeat that if the United Nations itself in the minds of large numbers of people does not represent the world as a whole it becomes a part of the world and the other part is out of it. That part of it then is not subject to its jurisdiction, and you can only bring it in or deal with it by the policemen's methods—which countries resent. So that instead of assuring peace you are gradually drifting to greater conflicts.

COUSINS

I do get your point, Mr. Prime Minister; I was merely anxious to find out from you whether you believe that a proper starting point might perhaps be in the form of a call for a revision conference in the United Nations under articles 108 and 109 of the Charter. Such a revision conference might represent something of a fresh start inside the United Nations, trying to finish the job begun at San Francisco — enormously difficult though that may be. It would bring together—before it is too late—the nations of the world in order to find out to what extent it is now possible to define the basic principles on which workable universal world organization must rest. Assuming that weakness tends to create crisis, how can such weakness as may now exist in the United Nations be eliminated?

NEHRU

You are referring to a possible revision of the United Nations Charter?

COUSINS

Yes, sir.

NEHRU

Well, perhaps that may be desirable and it may help. Personally, I do not find anything wrong about the United Nations Charter itself. There may be minor procedural matters. It is a very fine charter. The objectives are fine, but still, if a revision is required, certainly we should consider it to make the United Nations more of a universal body. That would no doubt help.

[End of Part I]

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. I wandered. 2. Blue were her eyes. 3. Deep. 4. Dear, after death. 5. As idle, upon a painted ocean. 4. Fair, when only one is shining in the sky. 7. She walks in beauty. 8. In a dell of dew. 9. And all went merry. 10. How, has my absence been. 11. Pitieth his children. 12. My heart is. 13. In the sky. 14. O my luv's. 15. The Assyrian came down. 16. And it floated on the water. 17. The clothes line posts looked in. 18. I think that I shall never see a poem. 19. Her brow is. 20. Sweet, in November, in May.

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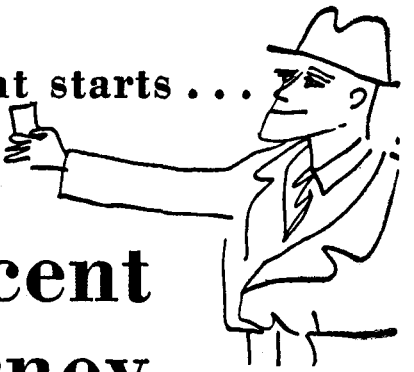

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CURRENT BOOKS WORTH READING

(*Continued from page 21*)

"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur Mizener.

Fiction

"World So Wide," by Sinclair Lewis.
"From Here to Eternity," by James Jones.
"The Age of Longing," by Arthur Koestler.
"Troubled Sleep," by Jean-Paul Sartre (Knopf).
"Ballad of the Sad Café," by Carson McCullers (to be published April 24 by Houghton Mifflin).

CLYDE BECK
Detroit News

General

"Of Societies and Men," by Caryl P. Haskins (Norton).
"Unpopular Essays," by Bertrand Russell (Simon & Schuster).
"The Pillar of Fire," by Karl Stern (Harcourt).
"Policy for the West," by Barbara Ward.
"My Six Convicts," by Donald Powell Wilson.

Fiction

"The Witch Diggers," by Jessamyn West.
"Square Peg," by Walter Allen (Morrow).
"Grain of the Wood," by Michael Home.
"The Pedlocks," by Stephen Longstreet.
"The Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald," edited by Malcolm Cowley.

PAUL JORDAN-SMITH
Los Angeles Times

General

"Thanks to Noah," by Helen and George Papashvily (Harper).
"Mr. Lincoln's Army," by Bruce Catton (Doubleday).
"Just as It Happened," by Newman Flower (Morrow).
"Martha's Husband," by Blair Niles (McGraw-Hill).
"My Six Convicts," by Donald Powell Wilson.

Fiction

"Festival," by J. B. Priestley.
"Song Before Sunrise," by Jonreed Lauritzen (Doubleday).
"From Here to Eternity," by James Jones.
"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk.
"Old Herbaceous," by Reginald Arkell (Harcourt).

AUGUST DERLETH
Madison [Wis.] *Capital-Times*

General

"The Journals of André Gide," Volume IV, by André Gide.
"Beyond the Mountains," by Kenneth Rexroth (New Directions).
"Journey for Our Time," by Marquis de Custine (Pellegrini & Cudahy).
"Introduction to Poetry," by Mark Van Doren (Sloane).
"A Dictionary of Americanisms," edited by Mitford M. Mathews (Chicago).

Fiction

"Conjugal Love," by Alberto Moravia (Farrar, Straus & Young).
"Into Thin Air," by Warren Beck (Knopf).
"The Loved and the Lost." by Morley Callaghan (Macmillan).
"Return to Paradise," by James Michener.
"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk.

BEATRICE WASHBURN
Miami Herald

General

"His Eye Is on the Sparrow," by Ethel Waters and Charles Samuels.
"Florence Nightingale," by Cecil Woodham-Smith.
"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur Mizener.
"Peter Moen's Diary," translated by Koefoed Bjorn.
"The Riddle of MacArthur," by John Gunther (Harper).

Fiction

"Operation Heartbreak," by Duff Cooper.
"From Here to Eternity," by James Jones.
"The Loved and Envied," by Enid Bagnold (Doubleday).
"Sing at My Wake," by Jo Sinclair.
"Return to Paradise," by James Michener.

H. RUSSELL AUSTIN
Milwaukee Journal

General

"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur Mizener.
"Florence Nightingale," by Cecil Woodham-Smith.
"Unpopular Essays," by Bertrand Russell.
"Rommel, the Desert Fox," by Desmond Young.
"Sherwood Anderson," by Irving Howe (Sloane).

Fiction

"From Here to Eternity," by James Jones.
"Into Thin Air," by Warren Beck.
"The Age of Longing," by Arthur Koestler.
"Troubled Sleep," by Jean-Paul Sartre.
"World So Wide," by Sinclair Lewis.

MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS
Nashville Banner

General

"Florence Nightingale," by Cecil Woodham-Smith.
"Wake Up or Blow Up," by Frank C. Laubach (Fleming H. Revell).
"His Eye Is on the Sparrow," by Ethel Waters and Charles Samuels.
"Taming of the Arts," by Juri Jelagin.
"Thomas Sergent Perry," by Virginia Harlow (Louisiana State).

Fiction

"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk.
"Operation Heartbreak," by Duff Cooper.
"Moulded in Earth," by Richard Vaughan (Dutton).
"Neither Five Nor Three," by Helen MacInnes.
"The Age of Longing," by Arthur Koestler.

MAX HERSHBERG
Newark [N.J.] *Evening & Sunday News*

General

"Profile of Youth," edited by Maureen Daly (Lippincott)
"Thirty Years with G. B. S.," by Blanche Patch (Dodd, Mead).
"Bears in the Caviar," by Charles W. Thayer (Lippincott)
"Man of the World," by Donald Henderson Clarke (Vanguard)
"A King's Story," by the Duke of Windsor.

Fiction

"From Here to Eternity," by James Jones.
"God's Men," by Pearl Buck.
"Sing at My Wake," by Jo Sinclair.
"Festival," by J. B. Priestley.

VICTOR P. HASS
Omaha World Herald

General

"The World of Willa Cather," by Mildred R. Bennett (Dodd, Mead).
"A History of England," by Keith Feiling (McGraw-Hill).
"Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod," by Kenneth Roberts (Doubleday).
"Once More the Thunderer," by Henry Beetle Hough (Washburn).
"Rommel, the Desert Fox," by Desmond Young.

Fiction

"Festival," by J. B. Priestley.
"The Islanders," by Joseph Auslander and Audrey Wurdemann (Longmans, Green).
"The Pinnacle," by Edward Havill (Sloane).
"The World Above," by Abraham Polonsky (Little, Brown).
"The Relentless Tide," by D. A. Bonavia-Hunt (Dutton).

JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON
San Francisco Chronicle

General

"The Journals of André Gide," Volume IV, by André Gide.
"His Eye Is on the Sparrow," by Ethel Waters and Charles Samuels.
"The Pacific Islands," by Douglas L. Oliver (Harvard).
"Ambrose Bierce: The Devil's Lexicographer," by Paul Fatout (Oklahoma).
"Peace Can Be Won," by Paul Hoffman.

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"The Witch Diggers," by Jessamyn West.
"Man and Boy," by Wright Morris (Knopf).

SUZANNE MARTIN
Seattle Post-Intelligencer

General

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"Taming of the Arts," by Juri Jelagin.
"Time of Fallen Blossoms," by Allan S. Clifton.
"Return to Paradise," by James Michener.
"Old Friends and New Music," by Nicolas Nabokov (Little, Brown).

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"From Here to Eternity," by James Jones.
"Star Quality," by Noel Coward (Doubleday).
"A Man Gets Around," by John McNulty (Little, Brown).
"The Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald," edited by Malcolm Cowley.
"Finistére," by Fritz Peters (Farrar, Straus & Young).

THOMAS B. SHERMAN
St. Louis Post Dispatch

General

"The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt," edited by Elting E. Morison.
"Lincoln and the Press," by Robert S. Harper.
"The Short Story," by Sean O'Faolin (Devin-Adair).
"Seven Decisions That Shaped History," by Sumner Welles.
"The Impact of Science," by Bertrand Russell (Beacon Press).

Fiction

"From Here to Eternity," by James Jones.
"Troubled Sleep," by Jean-Paul Sartre.
"The Age of Longing," by Arthur Koestler.
"Such Darling Dodos," by Angus Wilson (Morrow).
"Return to Paradise," by James Michener.

LEE GROVE
Washington Post

General

"The Florida of the Inca," by Garcilasco de la Vega.
"Villa Diana," by Alan Moorehead (Scribner).
"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar Bradley.
"Florence Nightingale," by Cecil Woodham-Smith.
"The Far Side of Paradise," by Arthur E. Mizener.

Fiction

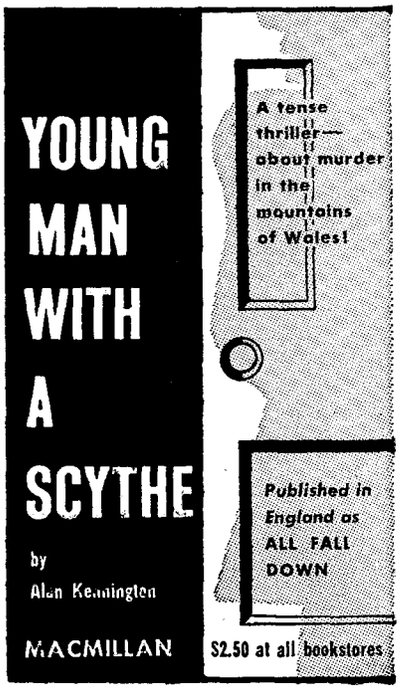
"From Here to Eternity," by James Jones.
"Strait and Narrow," by Geoffrey Cotterell.
"The Age of Longing," by Arthur Koestler.
"The Pencil of God," by Philippe and Pierre Marcelin (Houghton Mifflin).
"Tales of the Supernatural and Uncanny," by Algernon Blackwood (British Book Centre).

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
CURTAINS FOR THREE *Rex Stout* (Viking: $2.50)	1. A $5,000 check starts Nero Wolfe eyeing gun's position in apparent suicide. 2. A pot-shot in Central Park is confused by riding form. 3. Strangulation among Nero's orchids.	Three mysterettes by the old master, at ease in a Zion of Nero's brooding and orchid debauchery, with Archie taking the risks in common-man style.	No stitches dropped—but wool thin
THE ORIGIN OF EVIL *Ellery Queen* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	Ellery's intentions of writing book in Hollywood are disrupted by appeals from two lovely women to solve mystery of strange death and fantastic warnings.	Fascinating data and cast; Ellery's cerebrations leap as usual—but solution falls rather flat except for last page, which is a honey.	Of course compulsory
THE ELEVENTH HOUR *Robert B. Sinclair* (Mill-Morrow: $2.50)	Conway's creative ambitions get nowhere with writing but click with scheme for shucking off nagging wife. Bumbling detective Bauer sniffs productively around.	Murderer's point of view well sustained psychologically; clean writing style. Good rapport with reader even if he can't sympathize.	Uncomfortably logical

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.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(*Continued from page 29*)

without a tremble of her pulse continues to peep at the war."

Miss Taylor's bouncing style and ability to laugh at herself in ludicrous situations make for refreshing entertainment. "Harem Scare'm" may not appeal to serious students of colonial empire but decidedly it will delight armchair travelers.

Mrs. Bushakra's adventure began in Spain, too. She met her handsome Arab husband in Seville, where they were both students at the University. Their backgrounds could not have been more dissimilar. Mary Winifred was a Quaker, a Swarthmore graduate who had taught school in Puerto Rico and New Jersey, while Fouad came from Lebanon, where his family belonged to the religious sect of the Druses. After their marriage in the Little Church Around the Corner they spent a dozen years in New York, finally accumulating enough dollars to return to Fouad's native soil.

Arrived in Beirut the prodigal son and his American wife were greeted during their ten-day stay by 1,250 relatives and friends who drained as many cups of bitter Turkish coffee. "There had been 1,250 fezzes bowed over them, 1,250 little ceremonies as to who should take precedence in age or distinction, 1,250 thank you's, 1,250 good wishes as the cups were drained." The couple's reception in Ammatour, the feudal stronghold of the Bushakra clan, lasted three weeks, with delegations coming from distant towns, from Damascus, Tripoli, and the desert. After receiving 2,500 kinsmen Mrs. Bushakra found she had lost thirteen pounds.

When she caught her first glimpse of the goat-ridden mountain 4,000 feet above sea level which she was to call home she fainted. And well she might. There was not a sign of life in evidence, not a tree, bird, or leaf—nothing but blinding sun beating down on bare rock. Within a few years "Eagle's Eyrie" boasted a comfortable bungalow, a workshop, a reservoir, terraced gardens, orange and olive groves. In the interim Mrs. Bushakra learned that it took "what Thoreau called 'a robust discrimination in wants' plus a robust spirit" to adjust herself to her strange environment. Rustling up meals for convivial kinsmen and fighting rain, wind, locusts, drought, and malaria required endurance and ingenuity. Then there was the war between the British and Australians and the Vichy French. The Bushakras' balcony provided a box seat from which they watched raging battles, and their eyrie, mistaken for an arsenal, was the target for bombs.

"Never kiss your wife. It makes her your equal," says a Druse proverb. The conflict between American independence and Arab subjection reached a crisis over the engagement of Leilah, Fouad's granddaughter by his first marriage. The early betrothal of the child, whom the Bushakras raised, became the *cause célèbre* of feuding relatives.

While Mrs. Bushakra's style is sometimes oversentimental and amateurish, her story is a fascinating one, full of information about the strange religion, customs, and traditions of the small Mediterranean republic which became her adopted home.

Personal History Notes

MAN O' WAR. By Page Cooper and Roger L. Treat. Julian Messner. $3. Man o' War was born March 29, 1917, eight days before America entered the First World War. He died November 1, 1947. A savage fragment of history swept over his lovely head without disturbing his poise or compromising his perfection. Born to the purple, he was a credit to his parents; educated in the best of schools, he was equally a credit to his teachers. He died a millionaire, earning every cent of his fortune by the sweat of his flanks, and he left 368 sons and daughters to carry on his noble tradition and to make lots of money. This book tells all about his career, his ancestry, and his racing record, and presents in addition a mass of statistical data such as could never be adduced for a mere human being. May his soul graze forever in the lushest of blue pastures.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

MIRACLE AT CARVILLE. By Betty Martin, edited by Evelyn Wells. Doubleday. $3. On Christmas Day in 1928 Betty Martin was as carefree a teen-ager as ever lived the happy life of the old French families in New Orleans. She and her fiancé had long plans for their future together. Then, suddenly and secretly she was hurried out of the city and given a false name. Subterfuges were invented to keep her whereabouts unknown. No one but her father and mother must ever know that Betty had become a patient behind the barbed wire of the National Leprosarium at Carville, Mississippi.

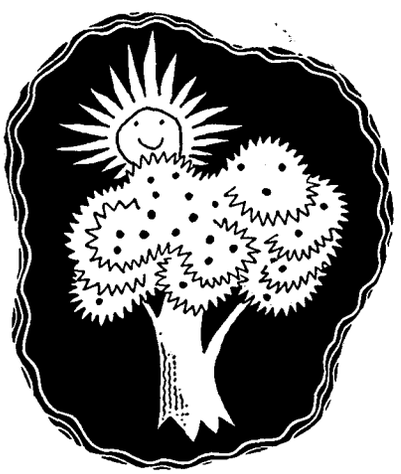
"Miracle at Carville" is Betty's story of her successful twenty-year struggle against Hansen's disease, cruelly known as leprosy. She found the age-old social stigma far harder to bear than the malady. Her fiancé was relieved when she gallantly broke their engagement.

When Betty first entered Carville the treatment of Hansen's disease was in a primitive state. No advance had been made for centuries. Even more primitive were the conditions under which the patients lived, for the place was less a hospital than a penitentiary. For all the suffering and tragedy, however, Betty married one of her fellow patients. By the time the courageous couple was cured the sulfone drugs were working miracles and the hospital had become a pleasant, up-to-date little city in itself, open to visitors and free in its contacts with the world of men.

Betty was a crusader in the heart-rending fight to break down public prejudice and ignorance as to the curability and virtually incommunicable nature of Hansen's disease. Americans should make amends to her by demanding that her inspiring and deeply spiritual story be read and publicized in our colleges, medical schools, and seminaries.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

PORTRAIT OF A TURKISH FAMILY. By Irfan Orga. Macmillan. $4. Irfan Orga was born in 1908 in Istanbul, and the idyllic years of his happy childhood, coming to an abrupt end with the First World War, necessarily form a brief record. The family life in his grandfather's big, comfortable house behind the Blue Mosque, which he recalls as agreeable and carefree, had as its accompaniment the soft murmur of the Sea of Marmora and the song of birds in the sun-filled garden. His father was twenty when he was born, his beautiful mother fifteen. The family rug business provided all the comforts and amenities of well-to-do, middle-class life—jewels and bright clothes for the women of the family, plenty of servants, rich and plentiful food, and lavish hospi-



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tality for both guests and relatives.

Even the brief years of this early childhood provided memories of delightful junkets with the family to his uncle's country place, of fascinating ceremonials and rituals, and excruciatingly funny episodes like his final visit to the women's baths with his grandmother. But when Turkey went into the war uncle and father disappeared, to die in the army. The two dissimilar but spirited women of the family, totally unprepared for any but their traditionally sheltered life, were faced with supporting small Irfan, his little brother Mehmet, and his newborn sister. The sufferings of the small boys in their charity schools, the privations and trials of the redoubtable grandmother and delicate mother are retold in a dramatic and moving human document.

Mr. Orga resigned his commission in the Turkish Air Force in 1947 to devote himself to writing. This vivid personal record, his first book, has only one fault—his inability to rise above his own bitterness and view with compassion his mother's pitiful flight into insanity from a life she literally could not bear.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

THE COUNTRY WIFE. By Dorothy Van Doren. William Sloane. $3. Although this is an idyl of the country, it is not a tale of remodeling an abandoned farm house to live in the year round. Unashamed amateurs, the Van Dorens come up from New York every spring and summer to a small Connecticut town, and of their few crops they cherish most tenderly their flowers and their gourds. Most of the events of "The Country Wife" could happen in any family anywhere. There is the ordeal of getting the car loaded for the summer trip, the creative trauma which the father undergoes during his annual orgy of carpentry, and the horror of watching heterogeneous guests bait one another.

"The Country Wife" is fun to read, and it must have been fun to write. Yet one keeps noticing regretfully that the book shows some confusion of aim, in that the author wavers between writing straight autobiography and creating a sort of generic family idyl. Thus she shifts constantly between the past and the present; her husband, Mark Van Doren, is always referred to with arch abstraction as "the Professor"; and the picture of the author and her two sons is almost colorless. The book is pleasant, soothing, and in its unpretentious way nourishing; yet, lacking real warmth or texture, it leaves one feeling much as if he had just eaten a medium-sized dish of vanilla ice cream.

—DOROTHY KOCH BESTOR.

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(Continued on page 66)

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PERSONALS

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 890

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A tin screen for roasting before an open fire (2 wds.).	149 103 31 89 113 2 68 74 109
B. Clear; shining; bright.	27 172 52 156 135 144
C. Continuation of the sense in a phrase beyond the end of a verse or couplet (pros.).	152 43 130 179 17 56 175 129 148 169
D. Person officially licensed to slaughter animals for food (Jewish religion).	110 151 5 178 176 58
E. To leave the witness box, as after giving evidence (2 wds.).	155 4 147 133 189 180 13 140 168
F. To know or apprehend without recourse to reason.	134 187 84 14 42 160
G. Genus of ducks, including teal, etc.	100 48 96 111 159 22 173
H. Heroine of "Faust" (German).	16 73 24 7 117 50 188 157
I. English political leader, M.P., leading opponent of Pitt (1761-1830).	104 161 46 36 15 154 57
J. Progress of any kind.	8 80 105 164 126 65 12
K. Nickname for state of Florida.	124 162 54 21 26 33 78 93 167
L. Marked with wavy lines (bot.).	44 63 47 32 97 60
M. Ballad and novel by Samuel Lover (1797-1868).	128 90 76 88 95 23 102 184 139
N. A particle; a jot.	28 98 51 141
O. Doctrine hindering Pres. Truman's "Fair Deal" program (2 wds.).	10 122 183 150 87 146 40 108 174 59 120 158
P. Highly sentimental stories (2 wds.; U.S. newspaper slang).	3 142 82 49 79 91 38 20
Q. Incipient state.	67 143 166 123 131 107 181 170
R. Pertaining to Jerusalem.	70 171 92 125 1 35 114 137 19
S. Luster.	115 86 72 127 25
T. Enumerated particulars.	118 66 77 41 165 101
U. Urgent exigencies.	64 119 163 81 185
V. To surpass (3 wds.; colloq.).	136 34 75 39 145 186 99 30 116 138
W. A certificate issued by U.S. at close of Revolution for principal or interest of the public debt.	132 29 55 69 37 85
X. What Cambridge, Mass., was called until 1636 (2 wds.).	94 11 61 112 182 71 177 18
Y. November 5 in England (2 wds. with "Day").	106 83 121 6 62 45 53 9 153

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

					1 R	2 A	3 P	4 E		5 D	6 Y		7 H	8 J	9 Y	10 O	11 X
	12 J	13 E	14 F	15 I	16 H		17 C	18 X	19 R		20 P	21 K	22 G	23 M		24 H	
25 S	26 K	27 B	28 N	29 W	30 V		31 A	32 L		33 K	34 V	35 R	36 I	37 W		38 P	
39 V	40 O	41 T	42 F	43 C	44 L		45 Y	46 I	47 L	48 G		49 P	50 H	51 N	52 B	53 Y	
54 K	55 W		56 C	57 J		58 D	59 O	60 L		61 X	62 Y	63 L		64 U	65 J	66 T	
67 Q	68 A	69 W	70 R		71 X	72 S	73 H	74 A		75 V	76 M	77 T	78 K	79 P	80 J	81 U	
	82 P	83 Y	84 F		85 W	86 S	87 O	88 M		89 A	90 M	91 P	92 R	93 K		94 X	
95 M	96 G		97 L	98 N	99 V	100 G	101 T		102 M	103 A	104 I		105 J	106 Y	107 Q	108 O	
109 A	110 D	111 G		112 X	113 A	114 R		115 S	116 V	117 H	118 T	119 U	120 O	121 Y		122 O	
123 Q	124 K	125 R		126 J	127 S	128 M	129 C		130 C	131 Q	132 W	133 E	134 F	135 B	136 V		
137 R		138 V	139 M	140 E		141 N	142 P	143 Q	144 B	145 V	146 O		147 E	148 C	149 A		
150 O	151 D	152 C	153 Y	154 I		155 E	156 B	157 H	158 O	159 G	160 F	161 I	162 K	163 U		164 J	
165 T	166 Q	167 K	168 E	169 C		170 Q	171 R	172 B	173 G	174 O		175 C	176 D	177 X		178 D	
179 C	180 E		181 Q	182 X	183 O	184 M	185 U	186 V	187 F	188 H	189 E						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 24 of this issue.

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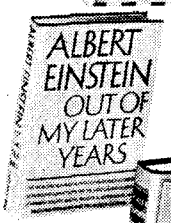

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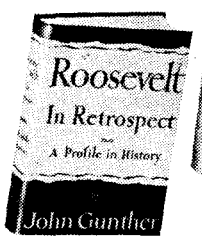

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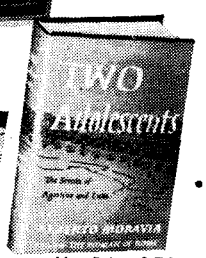

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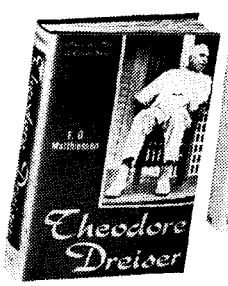

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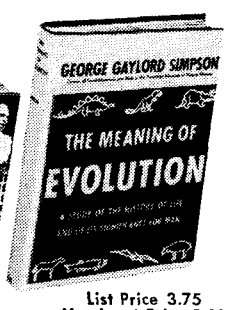

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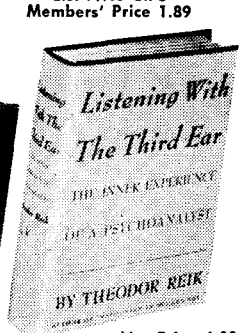

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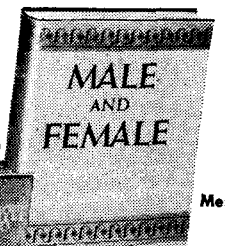

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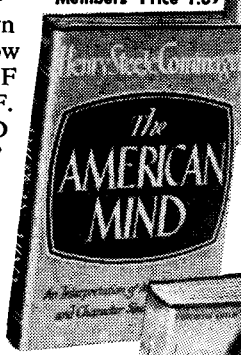

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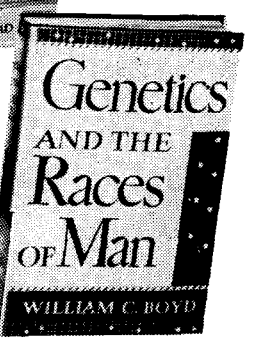

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